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by H. N. BRAILSFORD

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The New REPUBLIC

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The Week

THE immediately stimulating effect of Mr. Hoover's anti-depression plan is renewed evidence that the world has wearily been waiting for action, just as was the immediate effect of his proposal for the international moratorium. The market used to sink every time he said anything; it now rises every time he does anything. The question remains, however, whether he does what he does soon enough, and whether it is of broad enough scope to be the basis of real recovery. There was an unmistakable decrescendo about this latest scheme, which was inaugurated with all sorts of speculation by reporters who heralded it as another Russian Five Year Plan, and which finally turned out to be a corporation to rediscount frozen securities for banks. Five hundred million dollars sounds like a large sum, but it will not suffice to make liquid more than a very small proportion of the securities which have shrunk in value because prices have fallen. Likewise the aid which the President proposes to extend to the Federal Land Banks by buying more of their bonds will not solve the problem set by many thousands of farm mortagages in default.

AT MOST, the Hoover plan so far may be termed bank relief. There is no doubt that many banks need relief, as do many other financial institutions. Anything which can be done to prevent further bank failures and rescue the deposits in already closed banks is decidedly worth doing. Perhaps the greatest service of the plan was to stop, temporarily at least, the flooding of the market with securities thrown on it irrespective of the price, by institutions which were worried about liquidity and wanted to be sure of having plenty of cash. The tendency toward hoarding, on the part both of individuals and companies, is one of the most dangerous aspects of the existing economic disease. In these respects the plan is a sort of anti-deflation specific. But will it restore that highly elusive condition of economic expansion called "confidence"? Everybody says that this will be its most important effect, and everybody waits to see whether the confidence of others is boosted. We doubt whether this device alone will start banks lending freely, business enterprises borrowing, and capital flowing into production and employment. Even the proposed legislation to permit the Federal Reserve Banks to rediscount a wider variety of paper might easily not accomplish that end. It is one thing to enable banks to lend, another to see that money is used. If Mr. Hoover wants to go on from anti-deflation to inflation, he ought to employ large governmental expenditure as an essential element in his program.

MAHATMA Gandhi has announced that he is willing to visit the United States, at the conclusion of the London round-table conferences on Indian independence. Pressing invitations have come to him from prominent Americans such as Adolph S. Ochs, John Dewey, Jane Addams and many others. He hesitates to come here, however, on account of warnings that he may be turned into a laughing stock. The Reverend John Haynes Holmes, a

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trusted friend of Mr. Gandhi, has assured him that he would be exploited, ridiculed and misinterpreted. Like Einstein, the leader of India will, it is claimed, find his privacy violated by the mobs of blockheads who will gather to gape and laugh at him. And Mr. Gandhi states that though he feels great affection for the American people, he will not come "unless they are willing to listen to my message rather than regard me as a curiosity." To this, one can only answer that many thousands of Americans who are neither exploiters nor curiosity seekers, Americans of whom foreigners know too little, are deeply in favor of his visit to this country.

TO BE sure, barbarous scenes will follow his arrival in New York. He will be given an official welcome by the immitigable Jimmie Walker; ticker-tape will be showered upon him from the sky-scrapers of lower Broadway; a regiment of camera men will hound his steps; reporters for the tabloid press will besiege him for his opinions on everything under the sun, from the phallic turret of the Empire State Building to the fox-hunting hats of our stenographers. In short, all the idiotic, profane and mercenary aspects of American life will be the first to be thrust upon him. But should Mr. Gandhi shrink from visiting us because of inevitable vexations? In the service of an idea, which has broken British power in the Orient, he has faced much worse things than ridicule: hunger and pain and sickness and death. For all thoughtful Americans, Mr. Gandhi is the man who has summoned up prodigious forces in the Orient, stronger than all arms of war; forces which must deeply affect the future course of humanity. Facing the nation which epitomizes the Western industrialism that he opposes, the leader of insurgent India might help immensely to dissipate ignorance with regard to his own country. The value of such human exchanges may be incalculable. Mr. Gandhi himself might suffer while in the United States, but his visit would do Americans enormous good.

HAITI'S affairs have at last been largely turned over to the native government for administration, in accordance with the recommendations of W. Cameron Forbes, sent to Haiti by President Hoover last year, and of William Allen White. There are, however, important strings attached to the agreement announced by the State Department on October 1. The office of Financial Adviser-General Receiver will still be controlled by the United States, as will be the Garde d'Haiti, gendarmerie force of the island. These important vestiges of foreign rule are a lasting source of dissatisfaction among the natives, for reasons that are self-evident. Finances and the police power—two fundamentals of any government—are still to be managed from Washington, in the interest of the holders of defaulted bond issues, for which our government has assumed partial responsibility. They will probably continue to be so managed until May, 1936, when our treaty with Haiti expires—whatever pious hopes of a speedier evacuation may be expressed by the Department of State. Nevertheless, the partial transfer of authority after so many inexplicable delays marks a long step toward decency in the dealings of this country with its neighbors in the Caribbean.

IN ANOTHER Caribbean island, Porto Rico, over which the United States has more than supervisory powers, there is less reason for exultation over our policy, despite the well intentioned efforts of Governor Theodore Roosevelt. Prominent Porto Ricans in New York have made public statements pointing to the economic plight of their country as the most fearful one experienced since the days of Spanish possession. The sugar, coffee and tobacco industries, on which this populous island wholly depends, have met with crushing disaster. Absentee ownership of the large plantations and sugar *centrales* holds the natives to an average wage of $200 a year in good times; at present poverty and discontent are seen everywhere on the island. Special complaint is made against the continued government deficits and the burdensome taxation: this year's budget, fixed at $11,285,245, is held by some observers to be a sum impossible of realization. Among the younger generation a strong movement toward independence is noted; and the recent removal of Mayor Robert H. Todd of San Juan and his entire administration by an act of the insular Legislature suggests a muffled political upheaval. The trouble with Porto Rico seems to be the uncertainty as to its ultimate destiny. It lives now within the economic system and tariff walls of the United States, though its domestic conditions, wages, public health and financial structure in no way resemble those of the mainland. If Porto Rico is to be independent, then its close connection with us is unfortunate. If Porto Rico is not to be set free by Congress, and is eventually to become a forty-ninth state, then the economic link with this country must be drawn still closer, and we must carry out a thoroughgoing plan of federal grants for sanitation, for encouraging a greater variety of native industries and for the general economic rehabilitation of the island.

THE publishers' price war which began a year ago last summer has definitely ended, and its results can briefly be summarized. In the first place, the dollar novel has been abandoned. It was a brave gesture toward economy, but its success depended on its appealing to a new public, a public at least three times as large as that reached by novels selling at the ordinary prices. Its success depended on finding new outlets—drug stores, cigar stores, newsstands. The dollar novels—or rather the new novels issued for a dollar—were a failure because the sort of people who buy books from Liggett's instead of from Brentano's are not the sort of

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people who insist on reading novels hot off the press. Dollar reprints are still popular, but the new novels have returned to the old prices of $2 and $2.50. This does not mean that books in general are still as expensive as they were three years ago. Nonfiction is considerably cheaper: the books that would formerly have been issued at $10 are now $7.50 in most cases; the $5 books have come down to $4 and even $3. Another tendency is represented by the publication of "omnibus" books: half a dozen full-length novels, or perhaps a thousand closely printed pages of short stories, are printed in one volume and sold at a low price. The publishers apparently feel that the public is willing to pay as much for books as it formerly did, but wants more for its money. Meanwhile the average length of the new novels seems to prove that writers are sensitive to the changing tastes of a depression era. In fact, the history of the novel in France and America since the War is an interesting commentary on the psychology of readers and writers in the two countries. In France the public refused to pay more for its books, even when manufacturing costs were rapidly rising. The public, as a result, was given shorter and shorter novels for the standard price. In America the price of novels approximately doubled, at first without affecting their length. Since the depression, however, the length of novels has been increasing, so that the public can at least console itself by reflecting that it gets more words for its money.

Manchuria—A Repressible Conflict

TO ALL CHINA'S tragic internal complications—flood, economic distress, paralysis of government, terrorism of bandits and depredations of almost ceaseless civil wars—has been added now attack from without. Japan has invaded Chinese territory in South Manchuria, dispersed Chinese official authority, occupied cities, shelled and bombed other cities, killed soldiers and civilians and is laying down the conditions on which China can resume control of its own soil.

Weakness within and threat from without have always had a causal relation in China, but now the relation is somewhat reversed. China is being subjected to aggression not because it is too weak, but because it has not been weak enough. In the past it was the victim of punitive measures such as have just been taken by Japan because it could not help itself. Of late it has been acquiring the means of defending itself and recovering what it had lost. Manchuria is the most important Chinese irridenta, and there China has been most energetic in its efforts for recovery, against Russia in the North and Japan in the South. Two years ago Russia taught China a lesson by a military expedition in the orthodox manner of empires; now Japan is doing so in the same manner. But whereas "the Far Eastern problem" from 1842 to 1914 was rooted in China's supineness, now it grows out of China's nationalism.

The proximate causes of every crisis that has arisen in Manchuria in recent years are too enmeshed in international intrigue to be untangled, but in broad outlines the issue of Manchuria is starkly clear. Russia wrested all of Manchuria from China as the spoils of empire and Japan took the southern part from Russia as the spoils of the Russo-Japanese war. China had to submit until a few years ago, when nationalism emerged. In China proper there has been amazing progress toward restoring national sovereignty, but in China proper the stakes of empire were not vital to the Powers which had acquired them, and moreover those Powers were far away and left weakened by the World War. In Manchuria the stake is vital, at least to Japan, and both Russia and Japan are close to China. Only against them is China vulnerable.

So long as China confined its demands to extra-territoriality, tariff autonomy and the retrocession of small foreign settlements, the Japanese were complaisant. In 1928 the Nationalists captured Peking, signalizing their control of the whole country. Japan began to take Chinese nationalism seriously. Chang Tso-lin, the dictator of Manchuria, was assassinated, confessedly by Japanese. His son Chang Hsueh-liang, who succeeded him, was peremptorily "advised" by Japan to have nothing to do with Nationalist China and virtually to separate Manchuria from that country. He replied that he considered himself a Chinese and as a Chinese desired an independent China. A few months later the Nationalist flag was raised over Manchuria and Chang Hsueh-liang has since participated in the counsels of Nanking as a member of the government.

At the same time, China has been pushing forward vigorously in the Manchurian provinces. Chinese immigrants, by the millions, have been colonizing undeveloped lands. Manufacturers, bankers, artisans and small merchants have been establishing themselves in the towns. More serious to the Japanese, the Chinese government has been proceeding with plans for railways to break the monopoly of transportation hitherto held by Japan through its possession of the South Manchuria Railway. And in this lies the crux of the controversy which has seethed in and around Mukden for three years.

It is impossible to determine the right or wrong of the incidents which have fired passions on both sides in the last few months. The one which precipitated the crisis was an alleged attempt by the Chinese to wreck the South Manchuria Railway—reports of this may or may not be true. There is no doubt that the Chinese have been guilty of provocative acts. The Nationalists are young and heedless, sometimes irritating, even when justice is

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on their side. Nationalism always is unreasonable except when it is the nationalism of one's own nation, in which case it is patriotism. Where the right and wrong of individual incidents lie is immaterial. The Japanese have sought a pretext for settlement of accounts, and the Chinese were undiplomatic enough to give it to them. The suppler mandarins of a generation ago would not have done so: they would have bided their time.

The Japanese have seized on the occasion—they may even have created it—and have resorted to direct action. It is significant that in declining neutral intervention they have expressed their desire to negotiate with China directly for a settlement of "all outstanding issues." The Chinese have refused to discuss anything except the military coup until troops are withdrawn to the treaty zones, for they know that Japan's desire is to dictate now, at the point of the gun, the future status of South Manchuria. That can only be the status as of antenationalism—a Manchurian government completely submissive to Japan, the suppression of nationalist propaganda, the relinquishment of all railway projects except such as benefit Japan and the subordination of Chinese economic development.

Japan's policy is simple. Notwithstanding all diplomatic euphemisms, it has regarded South Manchuria as Japanese soil since 1905 and so regards it now. It is probably willing to let the Chinese flag fly over Mukden so long as Japan's decisions are final in all that affects Japan's interests. It is probably willing to let China recover its sovereignty in China proper so long as Japan retains unimpaired control over the leased territory on the South Manchurian coast and the South Manchuria Railway. That control it will not yield without fighting. To get it, it fought Russia; to keep it, it will send punitive expeditions against China or fight any other Power that takes up China's cause. The League of Nations may send commissions and Mr. Stimson may send notes. So long as both are merely admonitory Japan will receive them with punctilious courtesy. If they attempt to translate their views into action, however mild, against the substance of control, Japan will resist with force.

The justice of Japan's case and the ultimate wisdom of her policy will hardly affect her action. By the only law which the Far East has known, Japan's attitude is unexceptionable. Every Power which has been strong enough has taken from China what it could. None has ever relinquished anything until it was compelled, and that only recently. And there is no conclusive evidence in contemporary international relations that the other Powers would not resume acquisitiveness if they could. Japan is not yet compelled to make renunciation. Her pride is involved, her dignity as a Great Power—as Great Powers conceive dignity—and, still more, a vested interest of a billion dollars and a dependence on Manchurian trade and raw materials. However Japanese may differ among themselves as to general policy toward China, there is not one Japanese of any party, class or stripe of opinion who believes in giving up Manchuria. The civilian officialdom obviously is opposed to the strong-arm method of the army and is acceding to it only as a *fait accompli* and because the War Office has proved itself still strong enough to ignore the Cabinet. But no Cabinet could survive which would yield completely on Manchuria or even watch Japanese power there being slowly whittled away as the Chinese have been whittling it.

For better or worse, then, Japan will remain in Manchuria until some other country sends a strong enough army to evict it. China may be able to do so in time. Or, it may substitute the economic weapon; that is, it may choke the Japanese out by numbers and competition. It has already been making serious inroads. If the Nationalists can keep their balance and avoid giving Japan pretexts for resorting to extremities and annexing the Manchurian provinces as a measure of insurance, as it did Korea, all the forces of history are in China's favor. If Japan should resort to annexation, China would be helpless, for it is not yet strong enough for effective resistance.

These are the immediate realities of the situation with which the League of Nations and the United States must deal. They present a problem that is insoluble, if one seeks to solve it now in terms of full international justice. But there is still likelihood of avoiding overt war, which might spread and involve other Powers. China is too disunited to fight Japan. Japanese industrial and commercial life is suffering from the Chinese boycott, as it has suffered—in some degree permanently—from previous boycotts. Japan may still hesitate to wage war in the face of worldwide disapproval which is bound to regard her as the aggressor. In spite of the known reluctance of Soviet Russia to engage in war at present, Japan will not want to run too great a risk of pushing her in. The chances, both of an expansion of Russia in imperial influence and of the growth of Communism in China, would be great. If, therefore, both parties refrain from giving further provocation, if the Japanese government has enough control over its military and can be persuaded to withdraw the troops—as it has promised to do—so that China may treat without suffering a loss of "face," and if China can be persuaded to abandon the boycott and to relax aggression against Japanese properties in Manchuria, the situation may be eased.

China can wisely assent to this, with full assurance that in the long run her position will be stronger than it is now. Japan, suffering from pressure of population though she is, cannot successfully colonize Manchuria any more than she has been able to colonize Korea. The Chinese have colonized it already, and will continue the process. Within Japan, the civilian forces have been gaining strength as against the military, and even the radical movement is growing. As time goes on, it will be seen that there is no irrepressible conflict be-

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tween the Chinese and Japanese peoples over the inhabitation of Manchurian soil—the Chinese have it and are bound to continue in possession. And peoples will be less ready to fight to sustain either foreign or native economic domination on the part of capitalist proprietors. The development of a more collective type of economy would resolve the whole problem of nationalistic rivalry over the ownership of railroads and mines. It is in the interest of the Chinese people—and of the Japanese too—to play for time.

What Hoover Can Tell Laval

M. LAVAL, the French Premier, sails for America at a moment when the Cabinets of half of Europe are almost visibly tottering. In Germany, and in all the small states along Germany's eastern border, there is no government which can feel itself secure. If the conversations between M. Laval and Mr. Hoover are to have any reality at all, it is this acute political instability of Europe which must be discussed. Under the present conditions, it is futile to adopt plans for the economic reconstruction of Europe—essential as that is. There can be no business revival in Europe without a revival in Germany, and as long as the possibility remains of violent political upheaval in Germany, there is no likelihood of Germany's obtaining new credits, or of her being able to halt the surreptitious flight of capital.

The Bruening Cabinet in Germany has existed thus far solely because of its support by the venerable President von Hindenburg. The anti-Republican Hitlerites control the state governments of Bavaria, Saxony and Oldenburg. Three weeks ago, in the Hamburg city elections, the Hitlerite vote was 45 percent greater than in 1930. Hitler's supporters now almost certainly form the strongest single party in the Reich.

To a very large degree, the weakness of the Bruening Cabinet, and the strength of the Nazis, are the result of French foreign policy. Twice within the last few months, the Bruening Cabinet has been humiliated by France. Last July, Chancellor Bruening was forced to come to Paris, hat in hand, before M. Laval would consent to the Hoover moratorium. At the September meeting of the League Assembly, Herr Curtius, then German Foreign Minister, was compelled to make formal apologies for having proposed, without French permission, the customs union of Germany and Austria. Each of these episodes created Nazi converts by thousands. Six years ago, at the time of Locarno, Germans of moderate opinion held the belief that by coöperating with France and England and by joining the League—by following the "Stresemann line"—they would gradually obtain their independence in foreign affairs. Now they are beginning to lose hope.

The relations between Germany and France at the present moment are extremely uncertain, and while this uncertainty continues to hang perilously above European money markets, there can be no business revival. This was recognized by the International Chamber of Commerce at its meeting last July in Washington, and by the Wiggin Committee at its recent meeting in Basle. It is the judgment of every competent observer. This is what Mr. Hoover, if the conversations next week at the White House are to be of any value, must tell M. Laval. Our own wretched economic situation, and the situation of the whole world, demand that there be some sort of peace between France and Republican Germany. A major objective of American foreign policy is, and necessarily must be, European stability.

M. Laval, it is evident, hopes to escape from Washington without being asked to make any concession which will weaken France's present dominant position in Europe. He is ready to agree, in return for reduction of France's debt to America, to a corresponding decrease in Germany's general reparations payments. But he will countenance no tampering with the unconditional reparations received by France and Belgium for their devastated war areas. M. Laval is likewise ready to discuss disarmament, but with the ever present proviso that there can be no diminution in France's military superiority over Germany.

Unless M. Laval can be persuaded, or compelled, to make greater concessions than these, the survival of the republican regime in Germany becomes problematical. The Germans might conceivably continue the payment of unconditional reparations, and particularly of deliveries in kind, as a part of a thoroughgoing political settlement with France, but they will not pay reparations much longer as war tribute. A sufficient proof of this is the enormous enthusiasm with which the anti-reparations speeches of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, former head of the Reichsbank, are being received in every corner of Germany. Much more serious is the question of disarmament. The strongest man in the present Bruening Cabinet is General Groener, who is now Minister both of Defense and of the Interior. It is an open secret that if France refuses to permit Germany equality of armaments, at least in principle, at the League conference next February, General Groener will resign.

There is a common belief among many Americans that France is now so rich and powerful that nothing Mr. Hoover can say will be able to move M. Laval. This is nonsense. Paris, at the present time, is undergoing a minor panic. Perhaps the best indication of the current state of French nerves is the fact that in a single day last week stock of the Banque de France, favorite of the small French investor, fell 1,000 points. According to M. Léon Blum, head of the Socialist party, there are now 650,000 unemployed in France, besides 2,500,000 on part time, and the number is increasing at an alarming rate.

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Politically, France is even less secure. Ever since the days of old M. Clemenceau, French diplomats have been aware that France, in the long run, cannot hope to hold the gains it made at the Paris Peace Conference without the friendship and support of Britain and America. When the Hoover moratorium was announced last June, and France saw itself faced by a solid Anglo-American-German grouping, the Quai d'Orsay was seized with obvious terror. As a consequence, for the last three months France has been engaged in an almost hysterical attempt to woo Britain. Even when private French bankers were convinced that the pound could no longer be saved, M. Laval's government was still ready to lend Britain money in any amount. France will not permit itself to be isolated, and this fact, if he chooses to make use of it, can be a strong weapon in Mr. Hoover's hand.

Smoke Screen over Muscle Shoals

ONCE AGAIN, an attempt is in progress to give away Muscle Shoals. Once again, as has so often happened in the past thirteen years, the progressives in Congress will need to be on guard in the coming session to prevent the handing over to the private power interests of this great power site on the Tennessee River.

The new attempt comes from the Muscle Shoals board appointed a few months ago through the coöperation of President Hoover and the states supposed to be directly interested. At the time it was charged that this board was hand-picked to serve the private interests, and its present policy seems to confirm that suspicion. One of its members, indeed, has gone so far as to insist that the Muscle Shoals development is nothing but surplus war material, and that President Hoover has the legal right to sell it to anybody and at any price, whether Congress likes it or not. As an alternative, he suggests that Mr. Hoover may lease the property on whatever terms he chooses, under the Federal Water Power Act. The rest of the commission is not quite so drastic as this member, Colonel J. I. McMullen, but its plans would have much the same general effect.

The commission recommends, in brief, that Muscle Shoals be turned over to private interests, primarily for the manufacture of fertilizer and secondarily for the creation of industrial chemical operations at the power site, as an essential adjunct to the manufacture of fertilizer. It proposes to lease the properties for fifty years for "a reasonable rental on mutually agreeable terms," with the Boulder Dam clause on renegotiation after ten years to be included. As lessees, to be sure, the commission would give preference to a corporation owned and controlled by an organization of farmers, "provided that such an organization is prepared financially and otherwise to carry out the purposes of legislation equally and effectively or better than privately owned corporations."

But what will happen if no financially sound farmers' organization appears on the scene, as seems only too likely? Would the commission or the President, with expressions of regret, turn the Muscle Shoals power over to the American Cyanamid Company, or the Electric Bond and Share Company, or some other private group? Or again, is it inconceivable that a dummy farmers' organization might be set up to take over the government power site?

The commission states further that to aid the development of the Tennessee Valley, there should be authority to sell surplus power at the switchboard, first to manufacturers of commercial and industrial chemical products, and secondly to others—states, counties and municipalities having preference. Here again there are huge leaks through which the energy output of Muscle Shoals may flow into the hands of private exploiters. Rather than compete with the power companies in the field, the commission proposes to sell surplus power to the manufacturing companies whenever possible. It is well known that the use of Muscle Shoals energy to make cheap fertilizer involves but a small part of its resources, and so an immense amount of surplus power will be left to be disposed of to the chemical companies. The farmers, the states of Tennessee and Alabama and the other Southern states near by will be but little benefited by the fertilizer plan, which is obviously nothing but a smoke screen under whose cover the government power resources are to be dissipated. In short, the whole plan of the President's commission is vague, undefined and full of suspicious loopholes. In only one respect is it not vague, and that is in its design to "get the government out of business"—as if private business enterprise were covering itself with glory at the present time! The plan announced is, as we have said, but a new phase of the long-drawn-out campaign to leave the public-utility set-up undisturbed and introduce no element of government power production.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Gandhi and the Future of India

THIS FALL the Round Table Conference has a human interest for London which it lacked last year. Then it was dazzled by the diamonds and the turbans of the Princes: it was attracted by the new idea of a federal union: it forgot with remarkable ease the leaders of the Indian masses who lay silenced in jail. Today its interest is centered on the singular little man who reminds it, by the symbol of his meager clothing, that these "half-starved millions" exist. The Princes, indeed, are with us once more, magnificent as ever, and with them are the clever lawyers, the spokesmen of high finance and the Mohammedan leaders, but it is no longer on them that our eyes are bent. They can be placated. Our drama turns on the emaciated little figure in homespun, who spares a few hours for talks with statesmen from the long days which he devotes to intercourse with the workers of East London and Lancashire. He holds our fate in his hands. With all his gentleness and courtesy, he is capable of smashing with a remorseless rejection all the schemes which titled but unrepresentative persons are working out in the courtly chambers of St. James's Palace. He knows what he means to obtain, and if the hope of getting it should vanish, he will pack up his spinning-wheel and return to India. With a word he can bring about the resumption of civil disobedience. Trade will stand still and taxes will cease to flow into the exchequer. And how, one asks, with the pound tumbling, would that end? This little man may bring an empire down.

What, then, does Mr. Gandhi want, or rather on what will he insist? The range of debate in the making of this constitution stretches to infinity, for it covers not only all the usual issues—state (or, as they are called in India, provincial) rights versus federal rights, relations of the two chambers, apportionment of provincial and federal subjects and the franchise—but also many that are peculiar to India—guarantees for the rights of religious minorities, the Mohammedans especially, and above all the relationship of the new federal India to the British Empire.

Some of these issues, though they are of the first importance for India's internal politics, may be dismissed from this survey, for they do not endanger the settlement. It is probable that the franchise, even in the provinces and still more in the federal elections, will rest on a narrow basis of property, and that the "half-starved millions" of the villages will be powerless to use politics to raise their degraded standard of life. India is patient, and even Mr. Gandhi, though he calls himself an old man, is not in a hurry. The franchise can be amended, and there may be a clause prescribing revision after five years. The demands of the Mohammedans are exacting: compromise is far off and the attitude of the two chief communities to each other was never worse. The main issue that divides them is the demand of the Moslems that their electors shall continue to be registered and to vote in separate airtight constituencies. It is a wretched system, which forbids collaboration, puts a premium on intolerance, emphasizes the medieval outlook, checks the evolution of a modern secular state and hampers the growth of parties with a social and economic program. But even over this anomaly India can be patient. The younger generation, which puts India first and Islam second, is gaining ground very rapidly in the Moslem rank and file. It may even today be the majority. If the Moslem leaders will but consent to a clause providing for the abandonment on terms of this privilege after a five-year period, should the majority of the Moslem electors consent to this change, this difficulty will not destroy the settlement. India is thinking in long periods of time: she will tolerate much that she dislikes, if only the power to change it will one day be hers.

The explosive issues lie elsewhere, in the ties which will still bind a nominally self-governing India to the Empire in London. They are numerous and formidable. The Viceroy and the provincial Governors will still be armed with wide powers of veto over legislation. These are seldom used, even today, but they act none the less as an invisible bridle. The Viceroy will retain in his personal capacity, as the representative of the imperial government in London, control over the army, foreign policy and—most important of all—over the relations of the Indian government with the Princes. Finance is heavily fettered. The army will be a fixed charge. The high salaries of British officials can be cut, if at all, only by the imperial government. Currency, the gold reserve and the external debt will all be beyond the competence of the Federal Legislature and of the Indian Ministry responsible to it. Some of these checks and safeguards are said to be temporary and transitional, but there has been no hint of a willingness to name a time limit. Were that done, India's monumental patience might respond. As things stand, what Indians see is that 85 percent of the central expenditure has been placed beyond their control. That statement, true though it is, involves an exaggeration, for Indians are reckoning the service of the debt, most of it reproductive: there they suffer with the rest of us. The fact remains, moreover, that over provincial expenditure there is no check (save the risk of the Governor's veto), and it includes almost everything save the army—the social services, the police, industry and agriculture, irrigation and much else.

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From this big field of debate two issues stand out as peculiarly delicate. They are the two which the Moderates at the first conference passed over almost in silence, aware of the danger that lurks in them. On them, however, Mr. Gandhi, in a long and intimate talk which I had with him the other day, insisted with especial emphasis. The army is the first of them, the relations of the Viceroy with the Princes is the second. It is possible that the control of the currency may come to figure as a third, for India is sore over the British policy of deflation which has cursed her for many a year, and enjoys the dictatorship of the City of London's bankers as little as our own Labor movement.

About the army one need say little. While it remains in India under British control and command, we conquer India daily. While even this may be regarded as transitional, the length of time which must elapse before India can build up an adequate army of her own is likely to be so long that this soothing word has little meaning for the present generation. Mr. Gandhi, moreover, mystic and ascetic though he is, is a realist, with his eyes fixed on budgets and taxes. For the abstractions of politics he cares not at all: in all he has done he had one central purpose, to lighten the burden of taxation that presses on the peasants and to release from the revenues sums that may be spent on education and the health services. How can he hope to do that, if the army still eats up 26 percent of the central and provincial budgets taken together, leaving for the social services (after the debt and the police have been provided for) only a miserable 8 percent? There are thus two issues—control and reduction. The question in the concrete comes to this: Will the British government so far trust India as to cut down drastically the white garrison which it quarters, in effect, on these ill nourished villages, and place it under the control of an Indian ministry? Some reduction there certainly will be, but I question whether spontaneously any British government will approach Mr. Gandhi's expectations. Control is even more difficult. British troops and officers could not be transferred without their consent, but technically that obstacle could be circumvented by voluntary reënlistment in new Indian units. The economic crisis, while it has lessened the ability to resist Indian demands, has at the same time sharpened the national sensitiveness.

The questions that center round the Princes are as vital and scarcely less difficult. If British Conservatives and the more imperially minded Liberals have consented to Indian self-government, it is only because they are shrewd enough to realize that these Princes will serve in the new India as the Viceroy's bodyguard, a force whose loyalty to the Crown, to British interests and to every conservative cause can be implicitly trusted. At present the bureaucracy retains a measure of control over the elected legislatures through the presence in them of a big, disciplined contingent of nominated officials. These will disappear, but in the Federal Legislature the Princes will take their place. They claim and will receive at least 40 percent of the seats in its two Chambers. Their representatives will not be elected: they will be the tame nominees of Princes who rarely respect the civil rights of their subjects, and never yield their political power. With an immovable conservative block of this kind, reënforced by the Moslems and other backward groups from British India, the hope of a progressive majority recedes into the region of the impossible. But that is not, as Indians see it, the worst aspect of this arrangement. These Princes, with all their pomp and wealth, are only nominally sovereign. They are tenants-at-will, whom the Viceroy may depose for reasons of which, in the last resort, he is the sole judge. That is the explanation of their celebrated loyalty, which some would call abject subservience. While this princely contingent dominates the Federal Legislature, India will indeed have a dark-skinned government, but she will be subject, as she is today, to the manipulation and wire-pulling of the white bureaucracy.

All this Indians perceive. The Moderates would bow to it fatalistically, and preferably in silence. That is not Mr. Gandhi's way. He will demand that the relations of the Princes be transferred from the Viceroy's personal control to that of the Indian Ministry. There he will encounter a flat and unyielding refusal. It is too soon to risk a confident prediction, but I for one shall be astonished if this Conference leads to anything happier than a resumption of last year's struggle.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Worship in the Louvre

On this conceit, décor to my twain allegiance, I
much private glowing have: that Nature virgin, restlessly
on marriage brooded, veiled her diaphanous heart;
and in her pause good looked on man; then knew his life
high mind
for her most need adept, enough great in its strength
to delve her bearing flesh and build it large with birth;

or Man, with mind's mew mad, bit on himself
and, all repulse outrode, by rape her married,
and civilizations his begot; these had
sometimes his lineaments more, and hers sometimes.

Dear to my twain love this, my two god worship, my
heat filial to my nature-mother-god, my god-man-father.

So give I worship-love her sea; her heaven;
the winds, her limbs; and peace, her learned patience.

So give I worship-love his mind that blows off ever seeds
that she warms fertile;

books, engines, charters;
his arts, his idols of his bride and of himself.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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How To Break a Union

The Second Article in the Series, "Fifty Years of American Labor"

FATE HAS chosen the once militant and powerful United Mine Workers of America to serve as an example of how unions may effectively destroy themselves. The history of this organization for the past ten years may well be considered a text in union-breaking and an index to labor's frustrated hopes. Communists have not written the text; nor have the advocates of the open shop devised a better plan for wiping out strong unions. The credit for showing us how it can be done goes indisputably to Mr. John L. Lewis, the head of the United Mine Workers of America, and to his aides, a group of men steeped in the time-honored traditions of the A. F. of L. The destructive technique has been developed in the open, so that all may freely learn. As for the present plight of the miners, it is largely the fruit of the particular kind of leadership with which the labor unions in this field have been blessed.

In 1921, the United Mine Workers of America was the largest and the most important labor union in this country. It had a membership of 445,000, or 61 percent of the 700,000 miners employed in the coal industry. At the conventions and councils of this organization there developed a spirit of resolution which was rare in the annals of American labor. Demands for the six-hour day and the five-day week were made by the closely knit miners' organization in 1919. Soon afterwards there was a bold call for the nationalization and the democratic management of the mines. These demands strengthened the position of the railroad unions as well, since they were then urging powerfully the plan for semi-socialized operation of the railroads, known as the Plumb Plan. As a result, this homespun economic radicalism compelled a majority vote in two consecutive conventions of the A. F. of L. John L. Lewis, the president of the miners, no more wished the mines nationalized than the late Samuel Gompers wished the Plumb Plan carried into effect. But in those days miners from the pits asserted themselves in conventions and leaders felt constrained to heed their voice. Thus, the United Mine Workers made resolutions in favor of nationalizing the mines and of founding a labor party. But Mr. Lewis, like Mr. Gompers, quickly recovered the ground lost to radicalism. Nationalization of coal mines, like the Plumb Plan, was written off the union's program.

The miners' union grew more and more powerful during the War, because of the enhanced marketability of coal, but in the years that followed a great many things happened, and today the union is but a shadow of its former self. Its membership has fallen disastrously to a little over one hundred thousand, and working conditions in most mines are discouraging. As a factor in the industry, the importance of the organization has been nil in recent years. Mr. Lewis is obliged to eat out of the hands of the few operators who care to do business with the union. Not only has it been reduced to industrial impotence, but what is left of it has been split wide open by bitter dissension. The recently reported truce between the national administration and the formerly insurgent leadership of the Illinois-district organization is but a brigands' peace. There is division everywhere and unity nowhere. A "policy committee" was set up at a rank-and-file miners' convention recently held in St. Louis for the purpose of carrying on the fight against the Lewis forces wherever there still are dues-paying miners. The anthracite miners' districts, till recently considered the stronghold of the national administration, are no longer safe for Mr. Lewis.

It is not easy to compress into a brief outline the story of the policies and events which, step by step, have driven the miners' union from a position of apparently impregnable power to virtual disintegration. Moreover, it is not policies and procedures alone that account for the debacle: industrial developments, political forces, the human equation, have all played their part. But in the last analysis, the defeats of the miners must be laid to their leaders. The tendencies seen in the miners' union history which were most detrimental to their organization and which are likewise typical, in varying degree, of the other major units of the movement, may be divided under the following heads:

1. The collapse of the organizing machine of the union; its loss of driving power and initiative.
2. The inability of the union to keep up with changing economic conditions and trends, and the lack of engineering and industrial vision on the part of the leadership.
3. The degeneration of union leadership into a cut-and-dried business machine, ignoring the basic rights and interests of the members and the larger aims of the labor movement.

In 1920 there were 639,547 men employed in and around the bituminous mines of the country. The average dues-paying membership of the U. M. W. of A. of that year was 385,724, or 60 percent of the total. By 1929 the number of employed bituminous miners was reduced to 493,757, but the

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total of dues-paying members in the union fell to 69,325, or 14 percent of the total. Of the 69,325 dues-paying soft-coal miners in 1929, 40,893 were in the Illinois district, Number 12. Union coal mining was an affair of the past in the United States, outside of Illinois.

How did this happen? In 1924 two-thirds of the country's output of soft coal came from unionized mines. In 1926 the output of union mines was but one-third of the total. The shifting of coal production from unionized areas to open-shop mines was followed by a shrinkage in union membership. Thus, in the three years from 1924 to 1927, the union lost 200,000 of its 375,000 members in the bituminous mines. Another 100,000 left the union in the next three years, from 1927 to 1930. The open-shop mines in the bituminous coal fields of central Pennsylvania and West Virginia absorbed the major part of the country's demand for coal. The union's so-called "no step back" policy in the central competitive field was a blessing in disguise for the open-shop coal fields in the South and in central Pennsylvania. Its rigid insistence on the Jacksonville scale in the unionized area gave the shadow of a high wage to the union members and the bulk of the coal trade to the open-shop operators.

The opponents of John L. Lewis at various times advanced the charge that the miners' president was the recipient of pay from the West Virginia coal operators, and that in return he sabotaged the union's efforts to organize the miners in that district. The charge was never proved and it may therefore be dismissed. In reality, however, the employers need not have spent their good money to ward off unionization. The miners' policy as a whole naturally played into the hands of the operators.

It has been the case with most unions that as they grow older, become well established and financially strong, they lose interest in active drives for larger membership. Provided with a steady income from dues and from returns on investments of accumulated capital, they choose to confine their efforts to holding on to what they have, rather than venture into new organizing drives and strikes to extend their sphere of influence. But if such a policy of nonexpansion seemed compatible with union safety in certain sheltered industries or in highly skilled limited-membership trades, the unions in the mining industry could ill afford *not* to grow. And the condition for growth is steady organizing work. This the United Mine Workers of America did not undertake. It failed to grasp the meaning of industrial relations. It considered signatures put to paper contracts as real gains, while it shut its eyes to dangerous shifting of coal production from unionized to nonunion regions. It insisted on high wage scales under the would-be strategic claim that high labor costs would tend to weed out the economically weak mines and thus place the industry on a healthier footing: but nothing of the sort happened.

The case of the Consolidation Coal Company in 1922 is fairly typical of the miners' fallacious organizing policy. The company operated at that time forty mines in northern West Virginia, seven mines in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, and several more in Maryland and Kentucky. The miners struck for recognition; but the company offered to recognize the union in West Virginia only. Strangely enough, the union leaders accepted this offer over the protest of the Pennsylvania miners. Work was resumed in West Virginia, and the strike continued in Maryland and Pennsylvania. The forty unionized mines in West Virginia took care of the Pennsylvania and Maryland coal orders, and effectively helped to break the strike in the two other states. Later the Consolidation Coal Company restored the open shop in West Virginia, using the output of the Pennsylvania and Kentucky mines to defeat the resultant strike in the once "unionized" mines.

The handling of this strike was not an exception. It was characteristic of the union's general line, which, in effect, brought ruin to unionism. While the union went through the motions of fighting and bargaining for scales, the percentage of machine-mined coal in the southern nonunion fields was rapidly advancing. The Southern mines alone were equipped to produce 600,000,000 tons of coal, that is, more than the requirement of the whole country. The call for a nationwide strike, in 1927, therefore resulted in disaster for the union fields, where but a small part of the nation's coal supply was mined. It sounded the death knell of the union, since it eventually brought complete disorganization into the central competitive field and abandonment of the national agreement. Under the system of district agreements only Illinois survived, while Ohio and Pennsylvania were lost. The strike for the Jacksonville scale was a crude display of economic radicalism. Conservative union leaders most often cling to such short-sighted tactics, which take the line of least resistance. It is the line that has led unionism out of most American industry.

The inflexible higher-wage policy of the miners' officials might have been successful if it had been accompanied by two other collateral policies, honestly and ably carried out: first, an organizing drive in the nonunion regions in order to protect union standards and to shield the union mine operators against open-shop competition; and second, a drastic reduction of either the length of the working day or a progressive transfer, in some constructive and painless way, of the surplus man power from the coal fields to other industrial occupations. The first task required initiative, boldness, resourcefulness. The other task would have taxed the skill of a most ingenious industrial statesmanship, and there has not been a superabundance of statesmanship on the coal front. The failure of the U. M. W. of A. to undertake the first task or

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even to approach the second resulted in the swift and irreparable shrinkage of the union coal-mining area. Coal production moved away from the central competitive field; and West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, rose to a dominant position as open-shop coal-producing centers.

The so-called sickness of the coal industry has, of course, been the stumbling block of unionism; but while coal has been "sick" everywhere in the world, miners' unionism has broken down in the United States alone. A primary cause of the miners' plight is the union's failure to face the issues of mechanization. This has been the cardinal sin of American trade unionism generally. The miners have not been the first or the only offenders. The cigarmakers, one of the oldest and best organized trades, lost their union because they would not grant recognition to the machine in the industry. They also thought it wise to ignore the employment of women in the factory. In the steel industry, as well, trade unionism has read itself out of existence because its leaders continued to think and act craftwise amidst gigantic machines.

The bituminous coal industry in this country suffers greatly from overdevelopment and mismanagement. The miners' union has shown no awareness of the weak industrial situation. It has tried to function in a bankrupt industry, but industrial soundness is essential to effective unionism. With the exception of the Illinois district, where the local union took matters into its own hands, the national administration haggled about scales and fought mine mechanization in the central competitive field, while the nonunionized South underwent complete modernization and was permitted to pay low wages. Union miners whose loyalty and militancy were the union's chief asset were starved, while nonunion labor found ample employment at lower rates, but for a full day's work. When the labor leaders finally realized how futile their tactics were and consented to a lower scale in the central competitive field, the market was gone. A further cut in wage scales took place in West Virginia: in the North there was no revival of activity. The output of coal per man grew from 881 net tons in the 220 working days of 1920 to 1,064 net tons in the 219 working days of 1929, but the consumption of coal remained stationary. The South was adequately prepared to meet all market demands.

At the root of the miners' troubles, or for that matter those of the whole trade-union organization, lies the growing discrepancy between an antediluvian labor movement and an up-to-the-minute capitalist industrialism. The outlook and the tactics of the labor movement are of the nineteenth century. Capitalist industrialism, on the other hand, has put to advantageous use every device of twentieth-century technology and all the wisdom of applied social sciences. The industrial conceptions of the union leaders were but elementary, and their militancy was a thing of the past.

It would be wrong to consider Mr. Lewis the sole cause of the breakdown of the miners' union, as his opponents believe. It is Lewisism rather than Lewis that has been the basic factor in the disintegration of the unions. One feature of "the business unionism" is what Mother Jones, who knew her miners well, described as "making the rank and file the political pawns in the leaders' game." As an instance of this practice at its worst, the following case may be quoted. A strike was provoked in a subdistrict whose president was in disfavor at general headquarters. The strike was given "support to the limit." Organizers were sent in to keep the strikers' spirits high. Other organizers were sent out into adjacent territories to raise assessments on earnings to keep the strikers well supplied with funds. Headquarters kept everybody happy. The strikers were receiving encouragement and material support. The miners in an adjacent subdistrict, where the same company operated mines, paid the special strike assessments, but in effect they did the work of the miners on strike. The coal company's orders were promptly filled. The miners in the strike-bound subdistrict were thus led to think that the national office stood by them. When the strike was finally called off, the miners blamed the subdistrict officer for the defeat of the movement and he had to go. Playing members against members, keeping men and entire organizations in fear of tomorrow, utilizing the whole union as a chessboard for whatever the game may bring—all these Machiavellian devices and variations of *divide et impera* are found everywhere among the business-minded unions.

Union machine politics at its worst was exposed in the notorious Farrington case in the Illinois district. Frank Farrington was an able man, a good mixer and a shrewd negotiator. He had the ear of the miners, at least of those who were articulate and asserted themselves in local gatherings. Farrington believed in live and let live, an appealing political maxim. Unlike the majority of the conventional labor leaders, he was aware of the intrinsic relationship between unionism and the state of industry. The Illinois miners' union, under his leadership, sought to adjust union politics to business realities, and not without some measure of success. But his crude, native intelligence did not seem to be burdened with too subtle a code of ethics. In 1927 he entered into a profitable contract with the employers while president of the union, accepting a sinecure from the Peabody Coal Company for three years' services at the neat salary of $25,000 per annum. Mr. Farrington's friends in the union stoutly maintained that he had been tricked into the deal by John L. Lewis. The two men had been bitter enemies. The story, as told by friends of Farrington, is as follows:

> Mr. Jack Peabody and Mr. Lewis met in a private conference. Mr. Peabody explained to Mr. Lewis that unless there was a modification of the Jackson-

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ville agreement, the Illinois coal industry would go on the blink—in fact was on the blink.

Mr. Lewis agreed that such was the case, indeed, but countered that he could not advocate a change in the "no backward step" policy without running chances of losing his $12,000 job. He stated further that if he (Lewis) took a "backward step," Farrington would get his goat, and if Farrington took the step he (Lewis) would get Farrington's goat. He also allowed that Farrington was too old and wise in the game to turn goat. In the end it was decided that Mr. Peabody was to pay Farrington $75,000 for getting out of the way of Mr. Lewis, thus giving the latter a free hand in dealing with the ticklish modification question.

It is not inconceivable that Mr. Lewis would see fit to pay $75,000 out of the union's treasury in order to rid himself of a hated and strong adversary; but one does not see how the affair enhances Mr. Farrington's political stature. May one hope that a movement which accepts deals of this kind as part of the day's work will ever lead labor to victory? Yet avowed progressives considered it possible to work with Mr. Farrington.

For years the insurgents in the miners' union sought to achieve their aims by fighting along constitutional lines. But Mr. Lewis was the unchallenged interpreter of the union's constitution, and thus doomed their efforts. In March, 1930, they resorted to a *coup d'état,* Illinois leading the way. The fragments of the organization rallied in many states. Once again there arose a hope of a new deal and a new day for labor. A president of an important state federation of the A. F. of L., a former miner of standing, gave up an $8,000 job and went with the rebels. For almost a year the battle raged. The opposition leaders seemed resolved upon a fight to the finish. They spoke openly and bluntly:

> The history of the United Mine Workers of America under the regime of John L. Lewis has been an unbroken series of defeats and calamities, throwing hundreds of thousands of our members and their families into the depths of poverty and destitution.
>
> Hand in hand with the numerical and financial disintegration of our union has gone the loss of its morale and the degradation of its institutions. Election stealing, convention packing and the slugging of delegates have reduced the old-time democracy of the union to a ghastly farce. . . .
>
> International organizers in the employ of John L. Lewis are voting ghosts and skeletons from the graveyards of union districts by the tens of thousands. . . . Board members from dead and extinct districts, delegates have reduced the old-time democracy of the the weal or woe of living districts. . . .
>
> The real leaders of the miners have been knifed, one by one, through intrigue, conspiracy and skullduggery. All opposition was crushed with a ruthless hand. Through threats of expulsion, through removal by provisional government or the frame-up, the officials and membership were terrorized into silence. Offices were burglarized, correspondence files were rifled and letters were intercepted.
>
> John L. Lewis killed more than the United Mine Workers of America. He killed more than the leaders of our union. He killed its very soul.

To this The United Mine Worker, the official journal of the U. M. W. A., editorially replied, referring to the 435 delegates who made up the insurgents' conference as a scab convention. The editorial described this conference as

> a convention of discontents, malcontents, oppositionists, obstructionists, brawlers, wranglers, branglers, moral contortionists, kickers, janglers, whoopers, soreheads, squallers, bellyachers, bunglers, marplots, double-crossers, destructionists, union-wreckers, disappointed office-seekers and traitors to the United Mine Workers of America.

And then one day—it all was over. Attorneys in court, representing the Lewis administration and the insurgents' leaders, in one of the endless trials over injunctions, constitutional points and property rights, announced that the gentlemen representing the high contracting parties had agreed to end the dispute and to live in happy harmony ever after. The opposition leaders recognized Lewis as international president and the insurgent heads of the Illinois district were recognized by Lewis. No convention or other gathering was called to ratify the agreement. The 435 miner-delegates who had declared for the insurgent leaders as their spokesmen, were not consulted. We are told that the opposition leaders were faced with starvation under the blows delivered by Lewis and his agents in the local unions and the courts; there was nothing to do but face their people. Having so many times before asked the workers to starve until they obtained recognition of the union by an employer, they could not conveniently explain to their followers that labor leaders must in no case starve, that the insurgent must finally bow to Lewis and Lewisism because their treasury was empty.

The betrayal of the workers' cause by the erstwhile insurgent leadership has not stamped out the spirit of rebellion in the ranks of the miners. All signs point to an eventual regeneration of the old militancy, and power is likely to come in its wake if militancy is duly tempered with social intelligence and industrial vision. But the widely known facts of repeated betrayals from above tell us how sorely we need a thorough cleaning of the Augean stables of American labor leadership. Likewise, there is the necessity of an intellectual reorganization in the ranks of the trade unionists themselves. Figs do not grow on thistles. Fighters for a great human principle do not thrive in an atmosphere which reeks of opportunism, petty graft and backstairs intrigue. J. B. S. HARDMAN.

In the third article of this series Mr. Hardman will discuss the policies and attitudes of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.—THE EDITORS.

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I Get Shot

WHEN YOU go into Harlan County you are not welcome. It is not a place for tourists. The fewer sights you see there, the better they will like you. The fewer people you speak to, the safer you will be. That was my trouble—talking to people and asking questions. Sometimes I got answers. Maybe Sheriff John Henry Blair's "that's none of your damned business" was a pretty indicative answer to some of my questions.

Harlan is not itself a mining town. It is the county seat of a county whose sole industry is mining. About two hundred domestic and imported "deputies" stroll around the few streets or lounge about the courthouse or the hotel lobbies when off duty. When a stranger arrives in town they watch him. The first morning I was there I knew that. I'd turn around and see some big fellow in a blue dungaree jacket and ten-gallon hat, with a revolver hung at his side, eyeing me. Later I learned that these men were deputies.

Evarts, which I also visited, is one of the few towns in Harlan County where the company doesn't own all the houses and stores. It was hot the day I went up there and on the shady side of the street there were a dozen or so men in overalls or patched trousers, sitting or lounging along the deserted store fronts. A number of them were whittling. They watched me closely. I asked them about things, about work and about the union. "You union men?" I asked. A couple of them nodded. "What union?" They looked me over pretty carefully. Then one of them said, "National Miners' Union—and don't care who knows it." They showed me the National Miners' Union relief kitchen, which had been bombed. The two bombers had done a good job; the building had been completely demolished. While we were talking, automobiles full of deputies moved slowly past. High powered rifles stand ready in those slowly moving cars. It makes anyone not used to it jumpy.

"And every night we lay down on the floor," one miner told me at Le Junior, a company town. "The three of us on the bare floor. Go in and look for yourself." I entered the house. There wasn't any bed. There wasn't much of anything. A battered old trunk, a cold stove, a table, one chair, a cupboard. I looked in the cupboard and found it contained only a few cracked dishes, some salt, a small and almost empty bag of flour. A couple of days before they had carried the man I was speaking to from the mine. He had gone to work after two days without food, but was too weak to stand up. I asked him to show me his pay checks. One of them contained a financial account of the burial of his baby. It had died of starvation and the company furnished a forty-dollar funeral. They deduct each month for this service.

Up at Wallins Creek I spent an hour with a Negro miner who had just been sneaked in to attend a miners' meeting in the woods. Two nights before, he had been dragged out of his home by a number of men—deputies, he told me. Sheriff Blair officially denied any knowledge of this. The men put him in a car and drove off. Neighbors who took the license number said it was the sheriff's private automobile. They drove the Negro up into the mountains and, after handcuffing him to a tree, they beat him with sticks until his back was bloody and swollen with huge welts. When they released him, he was sent down the Virginia side of the mountain with instructions not to come back. They fired after him, but missed in the darkness. This Negro miner had been elected secretary of a local branch of the National Miners' Union.

In the relief kitchen at Wallins Creek they told me another story. They had found one of the union men hanged to a tree in the woods one day. Whoever had done it had hanged him there with a barbed-wire rope, and his friends had not found him for about a week.

Most of the men in these hills—at least among the miners—are of native families that go back to the American Revolution. I spoke to only one foreign-born miner during my whole stay there. I saw him the day after they had raided his home. Raiding the homes of union men is a constant activity. They took the miner's two revolvers. When he spoke to me he was still pretty angry about it. In Kentucky a man is allowed to carry firearms, but that didn't matter much to the deputies. This miner, who was pretty active in the union, is now in jail charged with criminal syndicalism.

In Pineville, Kentucky, I spoke to a miner who told me about the shooting of Jesse Pace, a deputy sheriff and mine guard at the Black Mountain camp. Pineville is outside Harlan County. I don't know the name of the man who told me the story. I don't want to know it. But here's what he said:

> They'd been bringing scabs in from Tennessee, carting their furniture in trucks. A bunch of the fellows and their wives were up at the railroad station watching them come in. I guess maybe they were calling them things. Well, Pace—he was one of the meanest sonsabitches around this country . . . just plain mean—and about four other thugs were driving in to guard one of the trucks. They come down from Black Mountain.
>
> I guess there was too many of the miners at the railroad station, 'cause Pace and his bunch didn't stay there long. They come up the road where a bunch

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of us was sitting by the railroad siding. They got out of the car and come over and Jim Daniels—he was one of the deputies later killed in the Evarts clash—started pulling around one of the Negroes there and handling him sorta rough. Johnson Murphy was the Negro's name. Well, that made us right smart sore but nobody did anything then. But after that they pulled their guns and went waving them around and telling us to get out of there. I guess they'd been drinking some, too. We got up and Burnett started moving off.

Burnett is a miner. "Where the hell you going?" Pace asks him.

So Bill says, "Home," and he starts off again, just walking.

"No you're not. You're not going any god-damned place," says Pace.

I heard him say something to the other fellows with him. It sounded like "Get him, boys," or something like that. Well, Bill jumped behind a "gon" [gondola coal car] and pulled his own gun and started firing back. It was pretty hot for a little while, but Pace was still firing after Bill had emptied his gun. They got Bill in three places. The rest of them took him in their car up to the Black Mountain company office and left him there. After he was laying there for over an hour, some of the fellows got him out and took him down to the hospital in Harlan. They come down there later and arrested him. But he might-a bled to death before they'd have taken him to the hospital.

This is the story as it was told to me. And since then, two more miners have been jailed and charged with that killing.

I gathered a lot of stories in Harlan. I had been gathering them only a few days before I was told that "they'll have you in jail before long." I was given veiled hints of what happened to Bruce Crawford, editor of Crawford's Weekly in Norton, Virginia. They shot him in the leg as he was crossing a foot bridge at one end of Harlan. I crossed that same bridge the night of August 16 on my way to see someone who lived on the other side. The bridge swings as you walk, for it's just flat boards swung on ropes. When you cross at night you're silhouetted clearly against the sky. The banks of the stream are rocky and covered with enough underbrush to hide a regiment. When I had reached the middle of the bridge, someone fired a shot from the bank behind me. I happened to have been looking in that direction and saw the flash. The shot didn't hit me, in fact I didn't even hear it come close. So I kept on walking, but I was pretty shaky the rest of the way.

I didn't find the person I wished to see, so I started back. I stood in the bushes on the bank while I smoked a cigarette. I seriously considered sleeping there in the bushes, but I didn't feel very drowsy just then. I finally started back. All the way across I waited for that rifle to crack again. I kept myself from running, for the bridge was swinging enough as it was. I was pretty jumpy till I got back to my room.

The next morning I went to the courthouse. I was somewhat apprehensive about going there, for when, earlier in the week, I had told the jailer that I was planning to attend the opening of the trial, he had laughed and said, "Do you like powder smoke?" I laughed too. "You'd better get yourself a nice big gun," he said. "You'd sure hate to be caught up there in the middle of the courtroom when the shooting begins, without one."

When I went into the courthouse, they searched me as they did everyone else. At every street corner stood little clusters of deputies and the lobby of the courthouse was full of them. There were more in the sheriff's office and the machine guns and rifles were laid around handy in there. The deputies all had forty-fives on their hips.

After the jury was seated up in front of the judge, he started in. He talked for an hour, all about this country and its opportunities. He said that "even the poorest boy can be President," like Abraham Lincoln, who was born in Kentucky. He said that the miners had once "wallowed in luxuries," but now that times were a little hard they come around crying. He told the jury and the assembled courtroom about how bad things were in Russia. He said that the United Mine Workers of America (A. F. of L.) was a good patriotic American labor organization, but that the National Miners' Union, the I. W. W. and all the rest of "these radical organizations" were just Russian Communist things to overthrow our government. He said that "very few realize what blessings we have in America" and that anyone who was a member of the aforementioned radical organizations had "no right to look to this court or to any other court in this country for justice." He added that he had "no apologies to make" to anyone. And so the grand jury was sent out to return criminal-syndicalism indictments against jailed miners.

It is too bad someone didn't get Judge D. C. Jones' entire speech. It might have gone down in history. Afterwards, the defense attorneys were fined for contempt of court when they attempted to introduce a motion disqualifying Judge Jones from trying the cases. Jones is not a coal operator, but his wife and family are.

Later I was wasting time talking with one of the deputies, downstairs. He was asking me questions, but my answers didn't tell him much. All at once he looked at me very close and said, "Now listen here, I don't mean any harm against you . . . and I don't know anyone that does. Get that straight! But if I was you I wouldn't let the sun set on me in Harlan County." He smiled, but it was too much like a leer. I forced a laugh. Then he started to ask me about how I liked that country. Pretty soon I noticed a fellow they called "Happy" on my left side. It was rumored that he was from Chicago, and that he and another Chicago gunman were running the terror. I don't know.

Presently "Happy" came up close and asked me how I liked the air down in that country. When I

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said, "All right," he wanted to know how I liked the mountain air. I told him I'd never been up in the mountains. The Kentucky mountains are beautiful and quiet and strong. There are springs of clear, cold water and the air is clear and clean and has a bluish look from a distance. Some day I'd like to go up into those mountains and stay a while. But I didn't care about it this year—walking is dangerous up there now.

"Happy" looked at me close and said, "Well, come on, we'll give you a little mountain air."

I sort of backed away a bit and started to laugh it off, but that didn't work. "Happy" grabbed my elbow hard and said between his teeth, "Come on, I'm not fooling." The rest of the deputies came in close, too, so it looked as if I was stuck. I didn't see any way out. "O. K., come on," I said. There wasn't anything else to do. Out in front I tried to stop, for I thought maybe they wouldn't dare start anything right out there in front of the courthouse. But they grabbed on again and kept me going. When I tried to say something they told me to shut up. They meant it.

They drove up the mountain in their car, with me sitting between the driver and another deputy; I later found out that his name was Marion Allen. "Happy" stood on the running board. When we got a couple of miles into the woods on the mountain they stopped the car. "Happy" and the driver got out and went around behind. I was trying to figure out what to tell them—if I had a chance to tell them anything. Then Allen started asking more questions. I told him what I was there for—to report the news as it happened. "Happy" and the driver fired their revolvers a few times. I figured they were going to get me in the back of the head while I was sitting there, so I turned around to look, but they were just laughing about something. Allen wanted to ask some more questions. He said, "Don't worry. We won't kill you for another five minutes yet." I didn't say anything to that.

After I'd shown them what I had in my pockets, they made me get out and start down the road. I was to get to the main road, grab a bus, and "never show your face around here again." I started out.

I heard Marion Allen tell me to "hurry it up a bit." I started jogging and looked around once. He had his gun out and started shooting. He fired three times. Two bullets whizzed past me, but the third one got me in the left leg. It almost knocked me over. I kept on, but I wondered why I didn't fall. I wondered if he were chasing me and looked around, but I'd come around a bend and couldn't tell. About half a mile down the road I was getting played out and my leg started to buckle under. I began to walk. Then I saw a fellow and a girl sitting by the road. I asked them how to get to the main highway, for I could see it was way down below. He said to turn off right there and go straight down. Later, when this fellow came to see me in the hospital, he told me the three had come down the road to get me just after I'd turned off. They asked him which way I'd gone, but he hadn't told them.

There are things it is better not to know. There are many things about Harlan County which are, at least, not politic to know. I heard a lot of stories down there. I asked a lot of questions. I saw Governor Flem B. Sampson in Frankfort. He mumbled something about an investigation. He said vaguely that he didn't know what he could do about it. He said once, "Such things don't happen in this country." All right. But a few days after I left Kentucky, deputies raided another relief kitchen and killed two more miners. There were some others wounded.

When you go into Harlan County you're not welcome. I got shot. That isn't so important. The miners in the mining region centering in Harlan are still getting shot, beaten, jailed, terrorized. That matters a great deal.

BORIS ISRAEL.

Driving Home the Cows

Slowly he drove the cows—
A forked stick thrust on high,
Across the York Road fields,
Against a mist of sky.

Caught in that airy gold,
His was a cloud's estate,
And he a far, strange thing,
A star, a potentate.

And there the clumsy kine,
Illumined every one,
Were golden creatures, fit
For stables of the sun.

And an unearthly bell,
Went on before them all,
And made a secret sound,
As though behind a wall.

Each house up the York Road,
Its panes in a yellow flare,
Was filled from end to end
As with a delicate air.

The women laid the cloth,
Brought out the plate, the cup,
Thick, mellow loaves, smooth curds;
It was the hour to sup.

They saw, long as they lived,
A picture, ancient and fine;
They saw the golden lad;
They saw the golden kine.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

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Exile's Return

III: *Coffee and Pistols for Two*

IN THE TWO preceding articles, I described the repatriation of the literary exiles and tried to explain the beliefs they had acquired in Europe—beliefs more admirable in theory than practice, and more effective in Paris than New York. American literature, in 1923, was entering a period of excitement and inflation; it was becoming a distinguished sort of vaudeville in which, so I said, "there was not much place for angry young men without parlor tricks. . . . Their aims were difficult and obscure; their faint hope of success depended on remaining united among themselves and quarreling only with the public."

About the first of October, Sweet's Architectural Catalogue went to press and tension at the office instantly slackened: instead of working ten or twelve hours a day under pressure, I had merely to preserve the appearance of vague industry for six or seven. There was time to think of literary matters, and particularly of my connection with Broom. Matty Josephson had just assembled the November issue, originally planned as a collection of political manifestoes: it was a sad affair which proved, if nothing else, that the writers we published were innocent of political ideas. Slater Brown, our colleague, was vegetating in Woodstock. Gilbert Seldes had returned from Paris to resume the managing editorship of The Dial. Kenneth Burke, who had served as editor during the summer, was living on his New Jersey farm, to which I soon addressed an urgent letter:

"Can you come into town next Friday (October 19)? Me, I place great importance on your coming. Broom is perhaps near its end, which must not be ignoble. To die gently on an ebb tide is not my idea of death. Munson is meditating new plans for Secession. When they are ripe, I suppose he will present them to us and ask us to contribute to his magazine. Everybody else seems content to settle down to a winter of occasional drunks and conversation about living conditions. The greatest American writers are George Moore and Arthur Schnitzler. . . . The situation would be less discouraging if anybody retained the capacity for indignation. But if you hate a person violently, the strongest expression you are permitted to employ is, 'I take no interest in him.'

"Kenneth, I decided with Matty to call a meeting of everybody who has worked for Broom or Secession, a catholic meeting with Brown, Burke, Coates, Cowley, Crane, Frank, Guthrie, Josephson, Munson, Sanborn, Schneider, Toomer, Wescott, Williams, or such of them as are beyond taking-no-interest-in the immediate future. If we can get together in one room, we can at least define our separate positions, whether or not we can make plans to go ahead. Eternal Jesus. The people who can be content with art-for-art, three issues of a harmless little magazine and an occasional glass of synthetic gin will continue to be content. For God's sake let's brew some stronger liquor."

The liquor we planned to brew was not dangerously potent stuff. We planned, for example, to hire a theatre some afternoon and give a literary entertainment: violent and profane attacks on the most famous contemporary writers, court-martials of the more prominent critics, burlesques of Sherwood Anderson, Floyd Dell, Paul Rosenfeld and others—all this interspersed with card tricks, solos on the jew's-harp, meaningless dialogues and whatever else would show our contempt for the sanctity of American letters. We planned to pass out handbills in the theatrical district and make defamatory soap-box orations in Union Square. We planned to continue Broom as long as its capital or credit lasted; we hoped to make it an organ for good prose, experimental verse and violent polemics. We were willing to plan anything that would add to the excitement of living or writing. And, as a beginning, we had convoked this meeting in an Italian restaurant on Prince Street, under the shadow of the elevated.

Most of the writers mentioned in my letter were present, as were their wives and a few nonliterary acquaintances: in all there must have been thirty people. Waldo Frank, Jean Toomer and William Carlos Williams did not appear. Gorham B. Munson, who was recuperating in Woodstock from a slight illness, sent a formal statement which he asked me to read at the meeting. It surprised me by consisting chiefly of a vehement attack on Josephson. I had known of a slow quarrel between the two; I did not realize that it had driven Munson to such extremes of feeling.

Originally I heard of him as Josephson's first and last disciple. A heavy and dignified young man, already wax-mustached and bald above the forehead, he came to Paris with a waning interest in socialism and a portfolio of poems written, I believe, in the manner of Walt Whitman's imitators. There he met Josephson, whose literary enthusiasms opened new worlds before him. He determined to abandon verse for criticism. His present ambition was to become the apostle of a new

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American literature, which he trusted in Josephson and Burke and me to produce. For our part, he impressed us as being singularly empty of literary talent, but we thought he had other virtues which might, in a tactful way, be put to account.

Josephson and I had been impressed by the important part played in the literary world of Paris by the *chefs d'école*. Every school or group of writers had its chief, who issued manifestoes, organized demonstrations, founded magazines and engaged in quarrels with the chiefs of other schools, uniting with them only to attack the great stupid public. André Breton was a *chef d'école;* Guillaume Apollinaire had been one in his day; such, in the great past, had been Victor Hugo. The role of the chief was essential, yet none of us wished to assume it: we were not politicians, we could neither lead nor follow; we wished to stay in the background, pull strings if necessary, and go our independent way. Besides, had we talent enough to be *chefs d'école?* . . . The question set us thinking in a new direction. Was there, in effect, any reason why such a chief must be a talented writer? Did he need anything besides energy, industry, patience, a certain pomposity and the desire to see his name in print—that and the willingness to be guided by people of surer literary judgment? Munson seemed to possess the necessary qualities. Why not make use of him as a sort of white shirt-front?

For a time the scheme was astonishingly successful. Munson and Josephson together founded Secession, of which Munson was the titular editor. It received far more publicity than was deserved by such a small, angry, unpretentious sheet. After the publication of the second issue, Munson returned to New York, where he engaged in propaganda for the new ideas we were supposed to represent. He made some howling blunders—he referred, for example, to Jack Wheelwright and Glenway Wescott as "organs of social penetration" at Park Avenue teas—but his letters glowed with reports of praise received and discussion roused: Waldo Frank, he told us, had called Secession "the most significant group manifestation since The Seven Arts." The New Republic had carried an article about the Secessionists, written by Louis Untermeyer, and there had been editorials in The New York Times. Munson himself was optimistic, busy, verbose. With a drum major's shako, brass buttons and a baton, he was leading a circus parade —but what a meager procession came straggling after him! The Secessionists refused to march in line, or to march at all. Obsessed by their critical sense, which turned against themselves as readily as against the world, they were writing eleven-line poems, tearing them up, and endlessly polishing brief essays on classical French literature. They objected to being advertised as Fat Men, Bearded Ladies, Pittsburgh Giants, or even as members of "the Secession group."

Meanwhile trouble was brewing between Munson and Josephson. There is no use describing the inception of the quarrel, which developed from a number of petty and complicated incidents, with wrongs on both sides. But the real cause of it was simple: Munson had ceased to be Josephson's disciple. He had become the disciple, simultaneously and paradoxically, of Kenneth Burke and Waldo Frank. The latter was being attacked in Broom, of which Josephson had become the assistant editor. He was being extravagantly praised in Secession, which Munson now hoped to continue by himself. The tone of Munson's letters to Europe grew more acerbe. Josephson, in reply, was insolent and puzzled; Munson was moral and indignant. When Josephson returned from Paris a formal truce was declared, but Munson's anger continued to seethe. In the statement he sent me to read that evening in the Prince Street restaurant, he poured forth a six months' harvest of accumulated righteousness.

Unfortunately I have lost the document; Munson, too, has lost the copy he kept for himself, but the burden of it is easy to remember. Matthew Josephson, it said in effect, was self-seeking, untrustworthy, inconsistent, envious, spiteful, continually victimized by his less generous emotions, apt to exhibit (I quote from another letter) "the fallacious mental mechanisms of Paul Rosenfeld, Upton Sinclair and F. P. A.," and had, at bottom, "a disrespect for criticism." He, the magazine he helped to edit and the literary activities he proposed, were therefore unworthy of coöperation from all respectable writers and critics, including Gorham B. Munson.

The intensity of Munson's conviction betrayed him into using a pompous style. His rhetoric was as noble as Cicero's; his phrases scanned; I have the impression that his statement was written more in blank verse than prose. I began to read it seriously to my audience, but halfway through I was overcome by a sense of absurdity and declaimed it with all the intonations of a blue-jawed actor reciting Hamlet's soliloquy. The effect was unfortunate. Munson's friends, of whom several were present, declared that I was doing him an injustice. His enemies retorted that the statement deserved exactly the treatment it was receiving. Fifteen minutes after the meeting began, it had already dissolved in monologues and squabbles.

I tried to start a general discussion of our problems; nobody would listen. Jimmy Light, fresh from a cocktail party, had a thesis of his own, which he expounded in a passionate low voice to his neighbor. "They're treading us under their heels," he said. "They're stamping us down. They're pressing us into the dirt. They're walking on us." Hart Crane, shaking his finger like an angry lawyer, was exploding into argument with Josephson on the subject of Munson's letter. Bottles appeared; somebody spilled a glass of red wine on the tablecloth. Burke was telling a hilarious

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story about his neighbor's dog. Hannah Josephson rapped vainly for order. "We've come here to talk business," she murmured hopelessly. "We've come here to talk business." Somebody told Jimmy Light to change his tune. The general hubbub increased. Isidor Schneider, the most amiable and pacific of revolutionary poets, sat overwhelmed by the thought that people could be so disagreeable to one another. Glenway Wescott rose from the table, very pale and Wisconsin-fragile. "How can you people expect to accomplish anything," he said precisely, "when you can't even preserve ordinary parlor decorum?" He swept out of the restaurant with the air of one gathering an invisible cloak about him. I was too depressed to laugh at him; indeed, I was tempted to follow his example. For the first time I realized the pathos and absurdity of the fierce individualism preserved by American writers in the midst of the most unified civilization now existing. "Politicians unite to share the boodle," I thought, "and business men to plan a sales campaign: why can't we come together for ten minutes in the cause of literature?" Hart Crane, completely beside himself, stamped up and down the room, repeating "Parlor, parlor," and a string of obscenities. More bottles appeared on the table. "They're pressing us into the dirt," said Jimmy Light with conviction. "They're grinding us under their heels."

"Aw, shut up," yelled half a dozen apprentice gangsters, natives of Prince Street, emerging suddenly from the rear door that led into a dirt-paved bowling alley. A moment later they reappeared at the front door and cried more loudly, "Aw, shut up."

Our long table grew quiet, not in obedience or fear, but simply from the consciousness that its proceedings were being watched by people from another world. Hart Crane poured himself a glass of wine and drank it rapidly. "The question," Josephson said, "is what we are going to print in the next issue of Broom." We discussed the question dispiritedly, having received a tacit answer to the other question of whether we should engage in more flamboyant activities. Somebody recited a limerick. About half-past eleven, the meeting dispersed.

Our departure was attended by our friends the apprentice gangsters; by now they must have numbered twenty or thirty. They offered to get us taxicabs for a quarter or fight us at the drop of a hat. In harried silence, we plodded homewards, feeling like grenadiers retreating from Moscow. In the struggle we had lately undertaken, we were beaten almost before we began. We should have realized that there was no chance of imposing our ideas on others when we couldn't agree among ourselves, or even preserve the decorum customary in an Italian speakeasy; instead we marched doggedly on. "Want to fight, Mister?" said a sixteen-year-old gangster. "Come up the alley and I'll bust you in jaw."

A different sort of fight resulted from the meeting in Prince Street; it happened ten days later and a hundred miles from New York. Josephson had made a flying trip to Woodstock, ostensibly to enjoy the October weather and confer with his colleague Slater Brown. Munson, at Murrell Fisher's cabin, was only a mile away. Josephson paid him a visit and suggested that their differences, being personal, could best be settled with their fists. Munson demurred. Finally his host entered the discussion, voted for fisticuffs, and led both warriors to a marshy pasture where, as he afterwards explained, he was certain that neither of them could be damaged much by falling. The battle began.

It continued through the drizzly autumn afternoon. Nobody said much about it afterwards, but I gathered that it was a dull spectacle, a war fought horizontally more than vertically, a series of slips and wallows that ended when both heroes were too exhausted, too stiff with mud and bruises, to battle on: separately, limpingly, they left the battlefield. It was not till eight months later that the War of Secession was celebrated in song and story. Then, on Independence Day, Slater Brown, Jack Wheelwright and I determined to follow the great example set by Abraham Lincoln sixty years before and dedicate a battlefield monument. It consisted of a heap of stones tumbled together in the pasture lot. We marched about it in procession, chanting an Introit which Wheelwright had composed for the occasion. Brown delivered a spirited burlesque of the Gettysburg speech. My contribution was an ode beginning with an invocation to the muses:

O Muse, that Homer's winged quill
Plucked from an eagle's wing invoked;
Clio, I think, whose spirit still
Is that which Pindar's lay provoked
To flights beyond our mortal seeing:
Bright Clio, virgin, nonexistent being:

Seize me, soar up with me, inspired
To thine heroic melancholy
That I may sing of mortals fired
To deeds of more than mortal folly
And whom thy Muse's name is leading
To fields where Munson bleeds, and Fame
lies bleeding.

Know, Muse, that heroes still exist
Whose anger brooks no intercession,
And tooth meets tooth, and fist meets fist,
And "Up," cries Munson, "with Secession!
Down Broom," he snarls, and warriors pant
Each to defend his literary slant.

All afternoon the battle rages,
And now to Josephson inclines,
And now, "The triumph of the ages
Is in my grasp," stout Munson whines.
Says Josephson, "Won't that be splendid,"
As both of them lie in the mud up-ended,

Both fighting on, till strength and light
Together failed. Then Fisher rose,

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Grimly dividing weary wight
From bleary knight and fist from nose:
So, on another fatal day,
Half-dead Achilles by half-living Hector lay.

Stout Hector, like a featherbed,
Stuffed with the down from geese's tails,
Is leaking feathers died with red;
Achilles' gore fills waterpails,
The while he pants, "I blacked his eye."
Sighs Hector, "'Twas a moral victory."

And now, the furious carnage ending,
Darkness has veiled the trodden fields
And Stygian rays of night descending:
Where heroes would not yield, day yields,
And all is quiet on the hill
And vale and copse forevermore are still.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

In his fourth article, "Women Have One Breast," Mr. Cowley tells how Broom was suppressed by the postal authorities, and how its editorial staff became involved in the Battle of the Esthetes.—THE EDITORS.

Washington Notes

The Balance of Power—Progressive Programs—Tax Increase—The Presidential Veto—An Extra Session

AS DECEMBER approaches, it becomes clearer that the only group in the coming Congress with any sort of coherent program will be the progressives. I concede that not all the ideas promulgated by progressive leaders are sound. One or two of them appear to border on the fantastic, and not sufficient thought has been devoted to working out the details. This seems to me a pity, because not since anyone can remember have the progressives had quite so fine an opportunity to commend themselves to the country as in the coming session. Never have they had so good a chance to show that they are constructive and practical as statesmen, as well as earnest and effective as crusaders and critics. It appears to be generally accepted that the progressive group will hold the balance of power in the House as well as Senate. Clearly nothing can be done without them. The Republicans, with progressive help, will organize the Senate; the Democrats, with progressive help, will organize the House—electing Mr. Garner Speaker and obtaining concessions both as to rules and committees.

Even clearer and more certain, however, is the indisputable fact that in neither branch will it be possible to obtain a functioning majority except through progressive votes. What this means is that nothing which does not bear the stamp of progressive approval can be enacted. Obviously, this thrusts the progressive group into a position of legislative leadership, puts upon it the burden of initiative and gives it a power which it has obtained not by reason of numerical strength, but by the extraordinary strategic position which the unprecedented closeness of the party division in the next session has created. It is an interesting situation, fraught with many explosive potentialities. Further, while there is here and there a small rift in the progressive lute, relatively the party is united. The reverse of this is true of the two major parties. There is not a single issue, principle or policy before the country today in which Republicans and Democrats alike are not split from end to end and across the middle.

Take, for example, the question of taxation. Mr. Hoover has already assumed the thoroughly unsound position that an increase in tax rates is not necessary, that the country can "get by" through borrowing and that an increase in rates would tend to "retard business recovery and delay the return of prosperity." This seems to me the worst sort of gurry and utterly unworthy of a President, for it is all too obvious that the administration's reason for opposing a revision upward of the rates is merely a political one. He fears that it would have a bad effect upon Republican chances if taxes were raised on the eve of the presidential election.

Treasury officials with whom I have recently talked do not believe that the "Chief" can adhere to this attitude in the face of the extraordinary way in which receipts are shrinking and the futility of hoping for any considerable economies in governmental expenditures. This may be so, but the fact remains that he has not yet given any indication of yielding and is without a taxation program. However, the Democrats also lack one. Most Democratic leaders have kept significantly silent on the subject, but privately make no secret of their purpose not to accept party responsibility for an increase. They are entirely willing—not to say anxious—to have a Republican increase go through, but the Democrats will take no initiative in this line.

This, of course, is a craven policy, but it is typical of organization politics of both parties, none the less. What it does is to place the leadership in the inevitable tax increase squarely up to the progressives, who are unitedly and militantly in favor of raising the rates on the higher-bracket incomes. It is a situation that plays into progressive hands. It means, it seems to me, that progressive ideas will not only mold the tax legislation, but that what they urge will pass. For though both Democrats and Republicans want to escape responsibility for increasing the rates, neither Democrats nor Republicans will care about going on record as opposing an increase upon the rich for the benefit of the poor. Moreover, the necessity of meeting the Treasury-deficit situation through taxation is so obvious that it is hard to see how a successful fight can be made against a tax-increase bill at this session.

Summing up the situation, I think the chances are that Congress will pass a tax bill along progressive lines and that Mr. Hoover will have the sweaty problem of deciding whether to kill it with his veto, thus taking full responsibility for the failure of all tax legislation, or sign a bill containing features repugnant to his—and the august Mr. Mellon's—ideas of sound financial policy. I feel that this will be the story of much of the coming session. What legislation gets by will get by through progressive efforts and it goes without saying that this legislation will not meet with White House approval.

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By the time this piece is printed, Hoover's new proposal to "restore confidence and stability" by buttressing the weak banks through a half-billion-dollar revolving fund raised for that purpose by New York banks, and by stretching the Federal Reserve System as far as it can be stretched, will be, or at any rate should be, marching. My information is that this plan is Mr. Hoover's own but that, as originally conceived by him, it contained various unsound features. These he eliminated after conference with certain New York Democrats of wealth called into consultation before the White House conference of congressional leaders on October 6. That, however, is a mere detail. The important thing is that when Mr. Hoover produced a comprehensible and practical plan for bettering the situation he found no reluctance to coöperate among either Democrats or progressives. On the contrary, he received from leaders of both groups the same sort of response to this proposal he received last July when he made his moratorium gesture.

However, this action should not prevent his refusal to call Congress into extra session from being denounced. Here is an economic crisis in which he makes a nonpartisan appeal for support. Legislation is needed to make his plan effective. Yet he refrains from convening Congress and stubbornly holds to his determination not to have an extra session even though it means a delay of two months in getting what he asks. There seems to me no reasonable excuse for this. The situation is critical. Congressional action is imperative for the success of his proposal. Yet he deliberately makes congressional action impossible until the middle of December. It is such obstinacy as this that makes men impatient with Mr. Hoover even at times when they agree with him in principle and are prepared to support him whole-heartedly and without thought of political advantage.

Washington. T. R. B.

Mr. Rice and Mr. Laughton

Payment Deferred, by Jeffrey Dell. Lyceum Theatre, October 1, 1931.

The Left Bank, by Elmer Rice. Little Theatre, October 5, 1931.

EXCEPT for the playing of Mr. Charles Laughton, "Payment Deferred," Mr. Gilbert Miller's recent importation, would easily pass for what it is. It is a story that borrows some of the suspense effects of murder-mystery pieces; the plot line doubles in on itself at the last, with an effect of avenging justice taking an unexpected shape; the style is that of more or less mediocre English realism, the sort that was at its height twenty years ago, but is by no means dead.

The total result of this play, however, and the impression intended get themselves blurred and mixed up, like the English soupçon given to a Paris hat. The murder-mystery effect is not open, clear, played for the game, but is coated with a more serious conviction. The deferred payment of justice does not come openly as a snap trick at the very end, bringing about an equivalent measure of punishment, but assumes more of reality; instead of any delight in the neat stage turn given to the dénouement, we are left with the sober pleasure of admiring inevitable punishment and right. And finally, this sort of English realism, admirably suited to comedy or to such neutral social painting as Arnold Bennett's, or even the Manchester dramatists, if you like, has in it only a sort of genre tragic possibility. To assume that this is life as life is, et cetera, and then twist around the conclusion to a tidy surprise, is, moreover, low-grade art. Tragedy derives from the scope and excitement given to the living material presented. It appears through poetic insight, or through the kindred dilation that farce can give, more readily and abundantly, than from this gray and drab determination and bourgeois realism that rule such a play as "Payment Deferred." In such cases as this play we have, if we are to suffer its living woes, a right to ask for poetic or powerful or delicately penetrating treatment such as the Russians can display, or for the drop to a treatment that is witty and brilliant, or else for one that is smart and tricky. In all these cases we are afforded the possibility of pleasure and delight which run from the abstract, with its capacities for serene or pleasurable illumination, to the merely smart and lively, the game, with whatever esthetic and sporting capacities are common to it.

I am trying to explain, for a bit at least, why such a piece as "Payment Deferred" is at bottom worthless save in so far as it makes a theatre evening that is somewhat entertaining and somewhat, subconsciously if not openly, stretched and wearisome. If it can do even so much as that, it is not quite worthless of course; but it has no serious value. To make this point is necessary if we are to get anywhere about Mr. Laughton's acting, which is sure to impress everybody one way or another as remarkable. Remarkable it is, in its way.

The story turns on the subsiding career of a weak type of man, capable of blubbering affection and degenerate crime. We see him in the flat with his wife and daughter. The wife is all patience, the husband is spoiled, weak, sloppy, and driven by his financial state to the verge of desperation. A nephew comes, the son of his sister in Australia, looking up her English kin. The uncle, after trying to borrow money from that full-seeming purse, gets some cyanide from his photographic cabinet, and administers it in a glass of whiskey to his nephew, whose disgust was about to take him away. The night is spent in the garden burying the body, and next day the money is used to follow up a tip on francs, by which transaction thirty thousand pounds accrue. His resignation from the bank leaves the husband at home with his wife; the daughter is sent away to school. He reads books on poisons and sits much by the window guarding that spot in the garden. To cut the tale short, the daughter, after school abroad and a visit to a smart house in England, finds herself dissatisfied with parental rule and leaves for a life of doubtful prospects. The wife collapses and from then on is ill. Meanwhile there has been a French modiste, who, after the affair during the wife's absence, has been blackmailing the now well-off husband. She turns up again, the wife at the knowledge of such a betrayal takes cyanide, and the husband, who had shown devoted care of her, without nurses or maids, is condemned for her murder. Thus is justice in its own mysterious way spoken.

Mr. Laughton's portrayal follows this story from start

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to finish, leaving out nothing in sordid, direct, unabashed realism. Detail after detail is perfectly rendered, the moment, for instance, where he thinks his wife knows of his crime—what precise and unavoidable truth in his acting of that passage! In the matter of unattractive characteristics, ugliness and ugly, degenerate movements of the feet, the knees, the shamble, and general physical repulsiveness, the actor spares us nothing. Point by point it is a real performance, sustained, merciless and precise. And yet it is unsatisfactory on the whole, unpleasant and at bottom grossly exorbitant.

I mean that at its core such an exhibition, such a performance, is barbarous. If it were set in the midst of some sweeping drama, with the ensuing force and magnificence of a profound and inescapable whole, that would be another matter, since then some surrounding and supporting idea would at least carry it to something. If still somewhat barbaric even then, Mr. Laughton's performance of the role would have the excuse of contribution to a strong mass. As it is now, to put such sordid and exact realism through so long a test is somewhat tiring for us; and to insert it into a play of such mild merits and thin content is only a misplaced form of artistic effort. What "barbaric" means, when we apply the term thus, is that the effort has in reality no direction regulated through mind, poetic insight, courage or social or artistic conceptions. It has no central core of intention or order, and so remains somewhat incidental to the moment, as well as unpleasant and extraneous. Such expert acting as this has its promise; but, taken seriously as art, it comes to little ultimately. Its great need is some framework of drama or idea, within which it is set and by which it is measured.

"The Left Bank," well directed as it is by the author, is sure to strike many of Mr. Rice's public as a fine play. It tells the story of a young writer, John Shelby, and his wife, Claire, living on the Left Bank in Paris, seeing their friends, drinking, reminded by him constantly of his flight from his uncivilized native land and possessive, routine sister, and of his need for the right leisure and quiet for his work. Meanwhile he supports himself by a sort of hackwork in esthetic criticism, et cetera. This couple is joined by some friends from home—Waldo Lynde, a serious non-studio husband, and his wife, Susie, a gabbling young woman with a turn for sculpture and prospective love affairs. Her father's estate is to be wound up and she must join her mother on the Riviera. That matter ends by John's going off with her, while his wife and Waldo remain behind, in the two adjoining rooms of their little hotel in the Quarter. In the next scene there is a broken ankle, with Waldo's devoted attentions, the visit of the Shelby sister, who reports the shameful state in which Claire's child is left by his English up-to-date schoolmaster; there is a band of friends, Americans living in Paris, talking about art, rowing and loving among themselves, celebrating the French holiday for the fall of the Bastille. The scene ends with Waldo and Claire, hurt pinions both of them, in each other's arms. In the third scene the others return from the Riviera, Susie in the mind to divorce Waldo, John determined more than ever that Claire shall not bring the boy home to live with them. Eventually Claire, using all her observation, experience and common sense, resolves to take her son back to America with her. Waldo takes her to the station and will soon be in America himself. John and Susie remain at the hotel together.

Meanwhile the story is carried on more with conversation than with event. All sides of the situation are discussed: the education of children, the relation of a man to his own country, and so on. Sane and workable conclusions are steadily arrived at; and for people in the audience who have never thought about the subject before, there are numerous ideas afforded.

"The Left Bank," as almost anyone would see, is written on the formula and from the material that we have had in Philip Barry's "Paris Bound"; and the sort of characters presented are those found in various Barry pieces. The one gain in Mr. Rice's play lies in the fact that the portrait of the writer is less social and more pointed; it is in fact very carefully and sometimes fluently written. Through this writer a few more facts, more articulate items and theories, emerge than are possible in Mr. Barry's less specialized characters. Otherwise there is little by way of thought in Mr. Rice's play that is not already in those by the other playwright, with the difference that Mr. Barry's statement is more incidental and luminous, done in a more telling and elusive medium, and, most important of all, more created into the characters and less merely talked. Mr. Rice's is a more bourgeois and less creative, and hence less artistic, method of setting out truths and convictions and social philosophy.

The tedium I felt not seldom at Mr. Rice's play did not come from the fact that he was busy saying things that most intelligent people may very well have thought of before; for this is legitimate enough in all art. It consisted in the fact that so many of the ideas, though true enough to the character that expressed them, retained only an effect of statements, and were not given life and a really living delight and contagion. Mr. Rice still, though not so badly, suffers from that defect so obvious in the final moments of "Street Scene," in that dreadful speech, for example, with which the heroine plastered her meaning on to the play's theme, explained her thoughts and her future. In sum, such a play as "The Left Bank" can be studied with regard to what portions of the lines and sentiments, as they stand now, could be scraped off the character who has been assigned them.

The very separateness or air of serious announcement of the points in "The Left Bank," however, will afford to some in the audience the pleasures of sober, gray reflection; and the frequent platitude arising when an obvious idea has not yet been born again in fresh creation will make them feel that once again we have with us a drama of thought.

Miss Katherine Alexander, in the leading role, showed what she has had from the very start, an innate relaxation and great talent for being natural. Throughout "The Left Bank" she never plays falsely; she is good in the part. But she is not interesting in it. You cannot spend the evening with any esthetic satisfaction seeing a player with merely a casual knack, however sincere, of letting herself slip into the role. Mr. Horace Brahan as the writer, futile, evasive, thwarted and articulate, has explored little beyond himself and remains adequate but tiresome. Mr. Donald MacDonald, with the same knack

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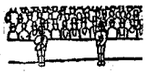

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for the natural that Miss Alexander possesses, is a lesson for the whole company in how to remain as natural as any and yet to score, graduate and vary his performance so that as sheer acting it gives pleasure and leaves us something to think about afterward. STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Prices and Wages

SIR: Permit me to call attention to one or two neglected factors in Miss Edna Lonigan's analysis of the business depression in The New Republic of September 23. In general it is based upon an organic conception of society, which present-day institutions do not support. As a result, it misses the realities of business relations on the one hand, and exposes the wage earners to deadly attack on the other.

During periods of prosperity business men are our most active inflationists. They are able to raise prices higher and more rapidly than other prices, most of which are costs to them. There is no clamor then that prices must go up. Among the prices which lag behind are wages. The result is added profit to business, and this stimulates still further expansion.

At present it pays these inflationists to lend support to deflationary suggestions. But not by the remotest chance would they support a levy on capital or a drastic cut in mortgage obligations. Anyone who challenges these is held to be undermining the very foundations of society. Neither do business men reduce their own prices any more than extreme pressure requires. That means uneven price declines. He who runs may see that business men and bankers especially resent the fact that wages do not drop in proportion to wholesale prices. In good times, we should remember, these groups are not known as ardent advocates of the principle that wages should rise in proportion to prices.

We must face the fact that, since business men are actively in control of the situation, deflation means wage reduction. Excess capacity continues to claim full charges. "Needless" price cutting is avoided. Despite the fact that mechanized industry offers many more means of cutting costs than a reduction in wages, this is always the cardinal remedy. Then they rationalize, as Miss Lonigan does, that with lower wages, prices will be lower, sales will increase and employment enlarge, to increase purchasing power and demand. Well, wages have just been cut in the steel industry, and we have already been assured by the leaders that prices will not be reduced as a consequence. The Iron Age reported that producers see no point in the suggestion that the saving from wage cuts be passed on to buyers. Prices follow more complicated routes than simple deduction would believe or the social interest might demand.

Miss Lonigan assures us that our price system "works" on the way up. Works how? Is there any rule of reason that would justify the increase in copper prices from ten to twenty-eight cents a pound and bring forth fabulous earnings to steel and machine industries while real wages hardly held their own? The whole thing "worked" so well that these are the very industries which, having capitalized their disproportionate gains in boom times, are now suffering most in not being able to meet the new paper obligations created.

To accept wage reductions whole-heartedly in unregulated industry is an act of faith not warranted by experience. There is nothing in the deflationary remedy to assure us, first, that if wage earners accept wage reductions, more of them will be employed in the near future, and second, that they will regain their purchasing power in the near future.

Since the pursuit of private gain is the touchstone of business, we must face two formidable facts which Miss Lonigan ignores. The first is that price is not merely a delicate balance of economic forces, but it is also an instrument of private gain. The end of business is to carve out a slice of income in the interstices of prices. And if bear manipulators "merit" these gains, how much more do the persevering business men who are honestly pursuing the main chance. The ability to grasp a price differential under changing conditions spells business success. There would be no money in business if all prices moved equally.

The other fact which those sympathetic with the aspirations of labor want to have met satisfactorily before they accept deflation engineered by business is that, in the hard uphill climb of labor in this country, greater strides are taken in periods of depression than in periods of prosperity if wage rates are not reduced as much as prices generally. It is to ignore all the fundamental facts of modern industrial and business organization for labor to accept the consequences of deflation without the guarantees which could in any case not be assured in the present organization of our economic institutions. The complacent editorial we, which seems to assume that private business takes all social interests into consideration, hides unpleasant facts and, in this case, conceals the surrender of labor.

New York City. GUSTAV PECK.

Another Soviet Triumph

SIR: Referring to the book review in The New Republic of "The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea," I would like to challenge the Five Year Plan by the achievements of our own capitalistic system. Instead of just conceiving a plan to make the Volga flow into the Caspian Sea as explained by Mr. Asch, we (Republican or Democratic party, whichever you belong to) have already actually completed the deflection of the Hudson so that it flows into the Atlantic.

If the above is not quite clear to Mr. Asch let him refer to any map of Russia, even those used in the first grades, and satisfy himself that the Volga has always flowed into the Caspian Sea. As an additional authority, if Mr. Asch prefers literary authorities to geographical authorities, let him read a story by Chekhov which is famous for a school teacher's statement that the Volga flows into the Caspian Sea, as an example of a commonplace statement of a fact known to every child. Chekhov also adds that horses eat oats.

New York City. I. LLOYD.

Biography of Veblen

SIR: I am engaged in the completion of a biography of Thorstein Veblen. I should be very deeply grateful to obtain any letters in existence from or to Veblen or concerned with Veblen. I shall return the originals. My address is Department of Economics, Columbia University, New York City.

New York City. JOSEPH DORFMAN.

Wages and Profits in the United States Steel Corporation

SIR: In connection with the recent wage reduction of 10 per cent made by the United States Steel Corporation, the following table of wages and profits may be of interest to your readers:

U. S. STEEL AND SUBORDINATE COMPANIES

	Total Pay Roll Salaries and Wages	Net Income Before Payment of Dividends, etc.
1922	$322,678,130	$ 39,653,455
1923	469,502,634	108,707,064
1924	442,458,577	85,067,192
1925	456,740,355	90,602,653
1926	467,409,446	116,667,405
1927	430,727,095	87,896,836
1928	413,699,720	114,173,775
1929	420,072,851	197,592,060
1930	391,271,366	104,421,571

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1929	130	498
1930	121	263

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. N. J WARE.

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Fall Book Section

A Note on Milton

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY is making a landmark in American scholarship and a monument to a great poet's fame. Under the general editorship of Frank Allen Patterson, a staff of editors consisting of Professors Abbott, Ayres, Clark, Erskine, Haller, Krapp and Trent, are bringing together the manuscripts and the early editions of Milton's works, for the purpose not only of giving us a final text but of publishing the first complete edition of the poet ever to appear.[1] Over a period of about five years the volumes will come off the press until eighteen have been issued. The format and material construction of the books are exemplary; the paper is a fine quality of rag, the binding of the library edition a durable brown cloth; and the printing has been expertly done by Mr. William Edwin Rudge. The two first volumes, each of which is divided into two parts separately bound, contain all the poetry, English, Italian, Latin and Greek. These are now before us.

From the time of Addison's praise of Milton in 1694, the stream of criticism has carried the poet to our own day, the most referred to, but, in the last half-century, the least read of all the great poets. The scholars know him but the poets do not, and on the whole it must be said that we flatter him with neglect. We must not be misled by the dubious fact that every year sees the publication of enough critical routine about Milton to bemuse the whole of any man's time. In the most important sense the poet is without influence. His style, his "philosophy," his methods of composition, above all his attitude toward his material, have had no effect on the best poets since Tennyson. There is enough exegesis left to be done on Milton to entertain the profession of letters forever: "Lycidas" alone is one of those jokers that will always beguile the historical critic who cannot understand what is meant when one says that it is a great poem meaning nothing. Textual interpretation and biography have their own value; one hopes that all the problems may some time be solved. There is one new and great problem for the historical critic, who, however, had also better be a philosopher: we now hear that the Massonized Milton was fiction, that Milton's Puritanism was the most convenient set of terms in that age into which he might throw the whole energy of an insight that exceeded all brands of nonconformity. This new Milton will probably win a large new following among those men who do not know they are living in the backwash of the Renaissance and can thus enjoy it. The new Milton is a Renaissance hero. It is to be hoped that neither Masson nor the Renaissance can keep him from being a poet, or us from seeing that no historical controversy is so important as the task of making him available to the living poets. If the complete edition of his works is to perform its full duty, it must make Milton influence poetry once more. In order to accomplish this, he must stand before us in the full significance of his supreme craftsmanship.

In a brief essay such a discussion can barely be started; yet one may suggest two ways in which the moderns might read Milton with profit. The first is as craftsman; the second, closely connected with the first, goes deeper, and raises the question that Mr. I. A. Richards has discouraged us about: this is the place of poetic fiction in the modern mind.

Modern critical practice explicitly demands of poetry a great many features that were taken for granted in Milton's time, or called by different names. The early eighteenth century said perspicuity; we say psychological sincerity—that is, does the poetry come out of an actual core of experience? (The corollary to this demand, one of our most typical dogmas, that the experience must be *personal,* or even almost purely sensory, I pass by as irrelevant to the main issue.) Another demand that we habitually make is this: Is the poetry peculiarly the poet's own? He must speak in his own character; his rhythms and images must bear his personal stamp, and in every case it must be said, for him to win our praise, that he has created a style. This personal or psychic kind of sincerity means that the poet must be careful to distinguish his sensations from those of other poets, for this alone will make the poetry his and suffuse over his imagery a certain emotional tone that gives to the verse its specific esthetic quality. To demand these qualities is only just; Milton had them—from the point of view of his own age. Does Milton, in these respects, survive our judgment? We believe that an elaborate mythology lies beyond the possibility of experience, and we denounce the continued use of mythological personages in poetry as unreal and insincere. No poet has ever experienced the physicist's ether, or the mathematician's *quantum;* nevertheless, such fictions compete gloriously amongst us against Chaos or the Spirit of the Wood.

At what moment in Milton's poetry does this relative insincerity first appear? I call it relative because it is only a matter of taste in fiction. In the early poems—for example, the "Nativity Ode," which before "Lycidas" has the most elaborate machinery—there is not, even as we see it, any pretense of "belief" in the physical existence of the Christian and pagan gods who amplify the theme. They are there as allusion, as metaphor; and a metaphor, at that stage of the mental process which the term implies, has never been a mythology. It is so with Arcades, and with the twin poems; so barefaced is the make-believe in "Comus," it is so with that poem—although the full-bodied and subtly contrived anthropomorphisms of Comus seem to promise an even more elaborate performance of that kind. In Milton's poetry from first to last there is a steady growth of the personifying power, a sheer love of sensible fictions for their own sake, beginning with the casual figures in the early work and mounting to the systematized mythology of the epic. Was Milton less sincere at the end than at the beginning?

There is no need of discussing the quality of the early style; if we like it we can surely accept the kind of experience that it sets forth, and we nearly all do; which means that we are perfectly capable of accepting an incipient myth, a small fiction but not a large fiction. It is not that Milton was increasingly irresponsible about reality, and insincere, but rather that the character of our imaginations has changed and taken on a defect. On prin-

[1] The Works of John Milton, Volumes I and II, edited by Frank Allen Patterson. New York: Columbia University Press. The series complete in 18 volumes, $105; limited edition, $315.

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ciple, the "Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester" requires as much willing suspension of disbelief as Raphael's story of the war in Heaven: we can make a little suspension but not a big one.

For we fail to see any great portions of our experience as wholes: I use the verb *see* to mean actual vision, which as Milton employed it reduced the chief human passions to a perceptible scale, for the sake of truth, certainly, but mostly for our richest kind of delight. To represent as action, and as a whole, any human experience, one must make a fable, and when the fable is typical of one kind of action it becomes a myth, which conveys its meaning dramatically. When we read poetry we bring to it the pseudo-scientific habit of mind; we are used to joining things up in vague disconnected processes in terms that are abstract and thin, and so our sensuous enjoyment is confined to the immediate field of sensation. We are bewildered, helpless, confronted with one of those immensely remote, highly sensuous and perfectly make-believe worlds of poetry that rise above our scattered notions of process. The dramatic character of the myth offends us with its pretentiousness; it is hateful to *l'homme moyen et sensuel*, who is modern man; for it implies that the action is undertaken by superior beings (who are not allowed to exist), reaching beyond our personal experience. Our great myths make their appeal to those people, at last remarkably few, who have a sense of destiny, of poise above life, and who look at the vast distraction of the world, its shift and disintegration, with a controlling detachment.

Mythology as Milton understood it was no mere pictorial exercise. We must remember that the greatest Anglo-Saxon master of the myth is the most perfectly self-conscious technician in English poetry: without the sense of myth, of fable, of ordered wholes in experience, he would have had no protection against our modern disease —miscellaneous sensation. He never wrote the same poem twice; there is no repetition. He was not overwhelmed by personal emotion; his personal emotion was caught up and purified by a succession of objective themes. Not even any two sonnets are technically the same; and what one expects is actually true—the emotion of every sonnet is distinctive. The moment he touched his medium, the feeling began to be transformed. There is, in the background of all the poems, an exalted presence, but there are no special Miltonic emotions comparable to the Byronic melancholy or the Leopardian despair. He is capable of every effect, but of no two effects twice. His great secret, as Saintsbury said, is his infallible sense of form: a violent, passionate man, he did not let passion betray him into incomplete expression. He is the supreme English craftsman because he never violated the exact relation between his chosen subject and its demands upon his technique. His one unfinished poem, "The Passion," is evidence of a great artistic integrity; his instinct for form told him he had better drop it (it was "beyond his years"), although the last stanza is his high point in the minor poems before "Lycidas":

> Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing,
> Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
> The gentle neighbborhood of grove and spring
> Would soon unbosom all their Echoes milde,
> And I (for grief is easily beguild)
> Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
> Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

Unless we are convinced Spenglerians, it is time for the Miltonic sense of form to reappear in Anglo-American poetry. It is high time that the modern poets, who feel strongly other seventeenth-century influences, came to a better view of Milton's significance for style. This does not mean that we must repeat "Lycidas," or try to write Miltonic blank verse; I have no specifications for modern style. In his time (as in ours) there was a good deal to be said for the Spenserian school against the technical breakdown to which the Jacobean dramatists had ridden English verse. Webster is a great moment in English style, but the drama was falling off, and blank verse had to survive in a non-dramatic form, which required a more rigid treatment than the stage could offer it. In substance, it needed stiffer and less sensitive perceptions, a more artificial grasp of sensation to offset the supersensitive awareness of the school of Shakespeare, a verification less imitative of the flow of sensation and more architectural. What poetry needed Milton was able to give. It was Arnold who, in the 1853 preface to his own poems, remarked that the sensational imagery of the Shakespearean tradition had not been without its baleful effect on poetry down to Keats: one may imitate a passage in Shakespeare without penetrating to the mind that wrote it, but to imitate Milton one must be Milton; one must have all of Milton's resources in myth behind the impulse: it is the myth, ingrained in his very being, that makes the style. From Milton we learn only the meaning of craftsmanship—without a prescription for reproducing it; but it is a great lesson. There is no discouragement in the fact that Milton has never been successfully imitated (even Keats failed), and never will be.

It is still easy for us to oppose Spenser and Milton, and follow Donne. The school of T. S. Eliot is the modern school of Donne; it most probably would have appeared (such is the atmosphere of the age) without Donne's direct influence. In this generation we have had little use for Milton's lack of sensation, for his abstract orotundity. The enormous complexity of the sensibility in "Lycidas" contains no surprises, no shocks, and we do not like it. We like the oxymoron of feeling in the school of Donne. Milton asks us to attend not to his experience as such, but to his mythology; and this is the source of our belief in his psychological insincerity. He asks us to consider his fictions. Does he ask us to believe them? He asks us to contemplate them, and then to think what we please. We cannot see that "Paradise Lost" no more than "Lycidas" was written to enhance the idea of God; God and the death of Edward King—whom Milton had known slightly and probably disliked—were seized upon to satisfy a deep sense for form: Milton was devout, and the glorification of God was close to his personal impulse, but the finished work shows his motive to have been something else. The cabinetmaker takes the need of his patron for a table as the occasion to exercise his gift for form; Milton's poetry is just as mysterious, and just as simple, as that.

There is still work to be done on Milton's mythology. Possibly the critic ought to assume that it was qualitatively present at the outset of his career, and then grew from the acorn. He demands that we accept it, for that is all he is. If we cannot do this, the inference is in no one's favor in the matter of metaphysical knowledge. But it is against us in another respect; it means that we have lost the imagination. Milton does not ask us to believe his heavenly fictions in any sense that he did not believe them; Lucifer needs the same quality of belief as "old Damœtas." He does ask us to exercise as much philosophical insight, passively, as he actively puts into his poetry. His philos-

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ophy is neither right nor wrong; it is comprehensive. It covers and puts in its philosophical place the modern short-sightedness that we short-sightedly call the revolution of the human mind, which is said to have made Milton's poetry obsolete. There has never been a revolution of the mind: there are only styles in fiction. Milton's fiction is not in our style, and it seems inadequate to the solution of our problems. It is not diverting; it has no personality. We do not like it because it lacks these modern features; because it is creative in the purest sense. I think it was Warton who said that "Lycidas" was the absolute test of the sense of poetry; it still is. It is well to have one fixed criterion, for there is no abstract formula under the glassy cool translucent wave. ALLEN TATE.

Lady Godiva's Children

Among the Nudists, by Frances and Charles Merrill. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 247 pages, illustrated. $3.

Nudism in Modern Life, by Maurice Parmelee. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 303 pages, illustrated. $3.

WE BROUGHT nothing into this world, and it is certain (according to St. Timothy) that we can carry nothing out. In the meantime, however, we put up a tremendous bluff. Our span-long careers are brief but continuously repeated flights against the face of nature. We have so machined the topography, the climate, all the physical conditions of our life, that to act "naturally" is to act eccentrically, and with a rather shameful queerness. On deliberate and announced holidays a man may go dirty, kill his food, let his beard grow, even swim naked if there are no women around; but it is distinctly understood that a lark's a lark, and that when he returns to civilization he will button up, shave, and once again act like a civilized person.

But a lot of people (and not just old soldiers, either) are getting more and more skeptical about a civilization that seems to be increasingly becoming one standardized unit. Most of us, if we had enough money, would take civilization or leave it alone, just as it struck our humor; but to be eclectic demands more money than most of us have, or more intelligence. One way out of the pen for the middle-class man with unsatisfied longings is to join a smaller flock. Hence the modern legion of cults.

Are you aware, O bundled-up, chafed, sweated, but probably respectably clothed reader, that at this moment there exist in Germany, that home of humorless causes, societies of earnest people banded together for the purpose of going naked? Bespectacled perhaps, some of them, and some of them (I have seen their pictures, and so may you) with tremendous behinds and downcast bellies, but naked as the day they were born. Out of defeat cometh forth victory. Germany, the beaten nation, has given the world not only Remarque and Thomas Mann, Stresemann, Einstein and Marlene Dietrich, but Hitler and the *Nacktkulturists*. Germany is the nudists' spiritual and, to most of them, actual home, but the movement, according to Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and Dr. Parmelee, is spreading. In France it has become, if not respectable, at least serious. But there they have absorbed it into the neat Gallic scheme of things; and you may find Vivre, the official magazine of the French nudist movement, displayed on the Paris newsstands cheek by jowl with La Vie Parisienne, Sourire and other cheerfully pornographic journals. In England—well, that old prude Havelock Ellis, who contributes a foreword to Dr. Parmelee's gospel, speaks for the nation when he says: "I am pleased that such societies exist; I can see that they perform a valuable function. Personally, however, I am well content to follow an old practice of simply encouraging the practice of nakedness privately and among friends." With a twinkle in his naughty old eye, he goes on to prophesy that nudism, at least for women, will soon come about in the natural course of events. "By a careful comparison of the average weight and length of women's garments today as compared with even ten years ago, it requires but little arithmetical skill to calculate the precise date at which, other things being equal, there will be nothing left."

Even in France, to judge by the Merrills' account, nudism has kept some of its native German heaviness. Though, unlike the Teutonic Edens, the whereabouts of nudist gatherings in France is kept a strict secret, these primitive picnics, when you find them, are of a quite Nordic respectability. The Merrills breathed in exultantly the general air of good clean fun. "Mme. Régnier, increasingly delighted with her new experience, was the first to call our attention to the fact that the talk was more proper than in a salon, despite a gaiety and animation that often reached the point of hilarity. For there was nothing stiff or solemn about the decorum of the nudists." It was at the same gathering that the Merrills noted, with somewhat quizzical amusement, a lady who shocked their attention by being fully dressed. Naturally she had also a "sour expression." Upon inquiry they discovered that the lady had insisted on accompanying her husband, who was romping about having a high old time, but never out of her watchful eyesight.

The Merrills are content to report what they saw among the nudist colonies of Europe. They saw naked men, women and children taking showers together, dancing (but eurhythmically, but beautifully), playing games, swimming, digging ditches, taking snapshots of each other. They joined in. After they got used to it, it was fun. Their report is sympathetic, increasingly enthusiastic, couched in naïve journalese. Maurice Parmelee, Ph.D., is another kettle of fish. Not only does his "Nudism in Modern Life" contain twenty-nine photographs to the Merrills' twenty-one, thus making it an easy winner, but he extends himself to great lengths to dignify his subject. First, he prefers to designate the movement as "gymnosophy"— and perhaps he is right; there *is* something rather bare about "nudism." He can be instructive, and is, on the esthetics of the human body. ". . . Men are more bony and angular, and women fatter and more rounded in contour. . . . The vibration of the adipose tissue, especially noticeable in the older women, is liable to catch the eye and distract attention from the swift movements of the limbs and the general motion of the body as a whole." Too much of a three-ring circus. "Speaking generally, the female form is more beautiful when stretched out than when bent." Now this is the kind of information we can all be grateful for, and what is more, we recognize the probability that we could verify it, if only we joined a gymnosophic clan. But occasionally Dr. Parmelee's esthetics —or perhaps it is simply the startling novelty of the idea or the way he puts it—occasionally he takes our breath away, as in this little pæan to the umbilicus: "The navel, reminiscent of our early intimate relation with our mothers, is an agreeable resting place for the eye in the broad oval expanse below the chest."

But Dr. Parmelee, no mere Columbus, is not content simply to bring back tidings of these new-found broad expanses. A gymnosophic prophet with a message for his

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day, he foresees the time and hails it when gymnosophy and American manhood (yes, and American womanhood, too) will lie down together like the lion and the lamb. The way has already been prepared, he thinks, by the stage and the press (Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, Mr. Earl Carroll), but only partially prepared, and perhaps not always (he admits it) in the pure gymnosophic spirit. He advocates, and the sooner the better, gymnosophic colonies, gymnosophic apartment houses. It is high time. "In the ordinary home of today gymnosophists are hampered by unexpected visitors who are not gymnosophists." Gymnosophists, as he points out, will naturally marry gymnosophists, but the circle is not yet complete. "Marriages amongst themselves, and the employment of gymnosophist servants, increase the number of families who can live as gymnosophists. . . . So far as possible gymnosophists should be employed and nudity practised whenever feasible in office, workshop and factory." In the gymnosophic apartment buildings which Dr. Parmelee advocates, the gymnosophic superintendent will doubtless issue strict regulations to prohibit indecent crowding in the elevators. But Dr. Parmelee, though explicit, is not exhaustive: having sowed the seed of gymnosophic speculation in the reader's mind, he leaves it to nature to take care of the growth.

With these two books your library on nudism ought to be complete. They are worth the price, if only for their illustrations. And if worst comes to worst, if you live in an ungymnosophic apartment, all cramped up with clothes and closets, you can throw the books away and frame the photographs.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

The Age of Bismarck

European Alliances and Alignments: 1871-1890, by William Langer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 509 pages. $5.

THIS IS a uniquely penetrating study of a definite, close-knit period of European history, based on the immense amount of documentary material which has recently become available. Call it a diplomatic study if you will, but let it in that case be understood that diplomacy, far from being—in accordance with current popular notions—a mere matter of intrigues, midnight conferences and subterranean plots, revolves around such weighty issues as territorial and economic disputes, competitive armament, colonial enterprise and the explosive emotions inseparable from an excited nationalism. At any rate these are the realities which lie behind the kaleidoscopic attractions and repulsions among the Powers in the period 1871-1890, and it is the author's firm and impartial grasp of these realities which makes his book so impressively solid a structure that it has every appearance of being able to offer an unshaken front to criticism for many years to come.

It accords well with this fundamental realism that his presentation is factual, precise and utterly free from the open or disguised sentimentality of so many of his historical colleagues who, while professing to be engaged on an objective, scientific investigation, break into ever renewed lamentations over the unlovely character of the situations into which they are obliged to delve. For our author the moral atmosphere of the European chancellories is exactly what it has to be under a system of competitive states aiming at wealth and power and acknowledging no limit to their sovereignty. Believing that it is the province of the historian to take what he finds, he is content to present without comment the atmosphere of suspicion, envy and distrust in which every foreign office is, without exception, steeped. While he shows how difficult it was under these circumstances for the responsible ministers to keep a level head and steer a steady course, he also makes clear how the departments of state were in this epoch losing much of their traditional aloofness and coming more and more to yield to the wishes of dominant economic groups and to be influenced by the passions of a vociferous press. His narrative reaches only to 1890. If we recall how the vastly accelerated development of our machine civilization after 1890 multiplied and intensified all these dangerous conditions, we have dipped into the stream which led with unescapable logic to the destructive inundation of 1914.

In the period under study, European diplomacy still revolved in the main around strictly European issues. The imperialist era, which came to embrace the ends of the earth in its purview, lay just ahead and was as yet no more than adumbrated in the negotiations among the Powers. Long accustomed to the imperialist outlook, the reader notes with surprise that the debates among the governments have still almost a parochial character, since they centered substantially on Franco-German relations and on the conflict among Russia, Austria and Great Britain in the Near East. There were of course other issues, but it was only these two which threw all the Powers alike into a ferment. However, the reader would have to be unusually uninformed to be surprised at the overwhelming role played throughout the period by Bismarck. So completely does the great chancellor dominate the scene that the book might well have been called "The Bismarckian Era."

We learn how Bismarck, while remaining an energetic defender of German national interests, came to fathom the interests of all the other Powers, and how, by conceding to each of the Powers the respect to which it was entitled, he became a statesman of European dimensions. When his sun suddenly set in 1890, he had in every country except France partisans who looked upon him as the chief bulwark of European peace. To France he remained to the end what he had been in the beginning, *l'ogre*. Never swerving from his clean-cut scholarly purpose and his admirably firm and transparent exposition, the author does not raise any questions springing from our knowledge of the later developments. But we, his readers, are privileged to deplore the failure of the succeeding generation to produce a statesman of equal range and authority and we may, in some part at least, ascribe to this failure the catastrophe by which that generation was overwhelmed.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

A History of Europe: 1815 to 1923, by Sir J. A. Marriott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 587 pages. $6.50.

THIS IS a British textbook. Without arousing general resentment one may assert that our American historians provide more stimulating examples of this dubious literary genre. In accordance with a British tradition which is now slowly disintegrating, history for this author is a compound of diplomacy and politics liberally drenched with bourgeois moralism. Since the World War, which opened our eyes to the essential triviality of this point of view, we in this country have become more realistic and recognize that the historian's business is to probe beneath the political surface into the social-economic processes at the root of civilization. Considering, in addition to its false premises, its powerful pro-British flavor, one fails to see on what reasonable grounds this ancient Victorian porridge could be recommended to our public.

F. S.

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"Our Imperfect Control of Industry"

Modern Economic Society, by Sumner H. Slichter. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 909 pages. $5.

HAD A PERSON living in 1700 known that two centuries later we should possess such great sources of energy, he would no doubt have been confident that economic problems would no longer exist. Were such a person to return to earth today, he would undoubtedly be amazed at the multitude of economic problems which confront us." It is from this angle of attack that Professor Slichter begins his new textbook in elementary economics. Here is no simplified picture of a smoothly running automatic system. Overcapacity as a chronic phenomenon, modern salesmanship as a technique for confusing the consumer in his "incompetent guidance of industry," and overhead as a difficulty in the way of applying the simple test of cost—all these appear as essential elements in the first chapter rather than as exceptions or "frictions" to be dealt with as afterthoughts. Mr. Slichter's first subheading, indeed, is "Our Imperfect Control of Industry"; and it is not until much later in the book that he undertakes what was once so much of the economist's task and explains the wonder that a system without central guidance can work even as well as it does. Quite appropriately, also, the author returns in his final chapter of "Constructive Suggestions," after a demand for "war on the inheritance of economic power," to an incisive analysis of the proposals for "social planning" recently discussed in the pages of this journal. The whole tenor of his book is to demonstrate the need for more and more planned control, and he indicates a number of things which even a merely advisory National Economic Council could do *"if it would."* But he is far too much of a realist not to see how much the self-interest of the groups to be represented would stand in the way of vigorous action on the part of such a body. He is not one, that is, who believes that the omelette of social planning can be made without breaking some highly cherished eggs.

This preoccupation and this viewpoint clearly stamp Mr. Slichter as belonging to the newer and more skeptical school of economists. Most members of this group have so far shirked the problem of writing beginning textbooks, and it is therefore highly significant that two important attempts to fill this gap have now appeared within a single year. Naturally, then, Mr. Slichter's book demands comparison with its rival, "Economic Behavior," written by Professor Atkins and a number of his colleagues at Washington Square College and reviewed in The New Republic a few weeks ago by Professor Hamilton. Between the two, moreover—though both bear the marks of much the same intellectual generation—there are significant differences in purpose, style and scope.

In the first place, the Washington Square authors announce boldly and in their opening sentence the intention of writing a book to embody a new and "institutional approach." Mr. Slichter, on the other hand, flies no partisan banner and claims no more than the purpose of restating general economics in such a way as to catch up with the "enormous monographic output" of recent years. He is, to be sure, more of an innovator than he admits; but the difference between the two books is not solely one of relative modesty. Mr. Slichter is much less obviouly influenced by Veblen, and his work would be different both in form and in substance if the latter's distinction between "industry" and "business" had permeated his thinking as completely as did Hobson's distinction between "human" and other costs. Of this difference, moreover, there is a still simpler measure. One lone vestigial supply curve appears with the photographs on the pages of "Economic Behavior," but Mr. Slichter provides a full complement of diagrams of supply and demand. Indeed, the more orthodox economists will be much inclined to say, "I told you so," when they discover that, after some two hundred and fifty pages of very different material, the author finds it necessary to devote a long section to an exposition of the economics of static equilibrium. Nor is its essential nature obscured by the remarkable verbal feat of omitting the word "marginal" from the argument, or by the unusually realistic character of the qualifications with which the conventional doctrines are surrounded. Many readers will question the organic connection between this elaborate discussion and the dynamic problems treated in the remainder of the book.

Certain differences in manner are even more obvious. Mr. Slichter's writing is clear, accurate and often vigorous; but no one is likely to apply to it the adjective "engaging," with which Mr. Hamilton described the style of "Economic Behavior." Apparently the author was too preoccupied with his attempt to tell the whole truth about economics to think very much of tempting the student to listen, and his scientific caution leads him to buttress each of his generalizations so promptly and so sturdily with supporting statistics that there is real danger that the main outlines may fail to appear. Nor does he, like his rivals, wander pleasantly afield to discuss the motives of Melanesian head-hunters or the color of a Chinese doctor's gown, or rise to speculations on the return of the ice age or the abandonment of city living. These are largely matters of rhetoric and pedagogy, and Mr. Slichter's very matter-of-factness and absence of playfulness may gain him as great an advantage with the adult reader as they may lose him on the beginning level. Yet I am convinced that "Modern Economic Society" would have shown more insight as well as charm if the author had made a somewhat freer use of comparative and genetic material, and if he had not kept his feet and eyes fixed quite so continuously upon the immediate ground of current American industry and business.

Of that ground, however, Mr. Slichter's book is, I am convinced, the one best survey that has yet been written. The author moves with competence and adequate documentation over an extraordinary range of subject matter, and the discussions of such strictly current issues as the work which the Federal Farm Board has done or that which the Bank of International Settlements might do are as complete as those of many more timeworn subjects. Nor does all this mean merely an unusual mastery of the monographs to which the author refers. No such degree of realism could have been secured without a remarkable background of shrewd first-hand observation in a great variety of fields. The author claims little originality and declares that he has added only "a new turn or a refinement" here and there. But a critic must remark that the "here and there" occurs rather frequently—sometimes in the obscurity of a footnote—and that comments with a considerable savor of novelty may be found on many matters large and small. On questions of labor, for example, this is shown by the demonstration that piecework in a non-union shop tends to reduce the efficiency of management and by the analysis of the reasons why the strike is a better weapon for raising wages than for improving working conditions, as well as by certain innovations in formal wage theory; and I do not

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doubt that the same quality may equally well be illustrated in a number of other fields. Few scholars nowadays dare to take all economics as their province, but it is probable that more than one specialist will discover that the best brief introduction to his specialty may now be found, not in any monograph, but in Mr. Slichter's general work.

Current American economics is seldom marked by unusual brilliance or boldness in theoretical formulation. It is, however, frequently characterized by a high degree of critical realism and by the patient analysis of the sort of facts not easily collected in armchairs. To the first quality, Mr. Slichter lays no claim; but his work illustrates in very high degree the characteristic virtues of the time. If the serious layman wishes to see what professional economists have, and have not, to contribute to the solution of the world's economic difficulties, and if he must test the case by a single book, let him by all means choose and read "Modern Economic Society." In it he will find the main stream of American economics at its current best.

CARTER GOODRICH.

Faulkner's Thirteen Stories

These Thirteen, by William Faulkner. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

"THESE THIRTEEN" should be read after a reading of William Faulkner's novels; as brilliantly written as several of the stories are, they are mainly interesting as further examples of their author's work. Four of them are war stories, six are laid in the South, and the final three—which seem largely literary experiments—are set in France and Italy. The characters in the stories are like the characters in the novels; they act as people act while under some intense nervous strain, the source of which lies in some past condition, outside the story, not clearly stated. Sometimes the nervousness, the tension, *is* the story, as in "That Evening Sun" in the present volume, in which a Negro woman's fear that her husband has returned to kill her infects the members of the white family for which she works: the children are aware of it, and quarrel among themselves; the husband and wife quarrel because the husband walks home with the frightened servant. "Is her safety more precious to you than mine?" the wife asks, as almost her first response, and we suddenly see that the real story is not the written one of Nancy's foreboding, but the unexplained, unanalyzed condition of strain within the white family, the inner dissension, the battle for prestige that hampers the husband's attempt to help when he first feels that help is needed.

In "Dry September"—the story of a lynching—the attempt to save the Negro is halting in comparison with the savagery of the determination to destroy him; the barber can only remonstrate weakly, while McLendon, who leads the lynching party, is active and powerful. The emphasis is not on the conflict between the two men, or between two impulses, but on the lack of conflict, for the barber's effort dies in an attack of nausea. Yet at the end of the story there is a brief scene between McLendon and his wife, and McLendon is no longer powerful, but pathetic and nearly insane, so ravaged with his egotism that an imaginative flight is required to think of him as ever inflamed with purpose. Similarly, in "Sanctuary," Popeye's strength was never adequately explained; indeed, the explanation—even the strange last chapter given over to Popeye's biography—was of his weakness, physical and mental; and although his power was felt all through the book, it was somehow mysterious; its source was not shown in the text.

In the present stories, as in Faulkner's novels, the conflict is not between two forces of equal strength, but between purposeful violence on the one hand, and half-hearted, ineffectual protest on the other. We can speculate as to whether or not this picture is complete, and whether or not this conflict is dramatically as cogent as one in which the characters possess equal determination and equal ability to act, but in the meantime William Faulkner insists on his version of the present more effectively, with greater imaginative resourcefulness, than any other American author.

The stories of the War, in which the tension he evokes so well would seem most fitting, are disappointing: "Victory" is a long, formless acount of a boy who became a captain and ends by selling matches in the street; "All The Dead Pilots" is little more than an anecdote; "Ad Astra" and "Crevasse" seem allegories with their significance obscured by too precise detail. The best stories are those of the South, those that add to the picture presented by "The Sound and the Fury" and "Sanctuary." It is the picture of a society in an advanced state of disintegration, but it is too generally applicable to be set aside with vague references to Southern decay. The society is in itself anti-social, intensely individualistic; the family is not a unit, but a battleground for its members; the community acts most efficiently to destroy any communal impulse. William Faulkner evokes this situation clearly, and if he does not suggest a remedy he does not, at least, contemplate the scene with detachment.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Imperialism at Its Best

Loyalties: Mesopotamia, 1914-1917, a Personal and Historical Record, by Sir Arnold T. Wilson. New York: Oxford University Press. 340 pages. $10.

Mesopotamia, 1917-1920, a Clash of Loyalties, by Sir Arnold T. Wilson. New York: Oxford University Press. 420 pages. $10.

SIR ARNOLD WILSON'S first volume is the first really authoritative account of the civil side of the Mesopotamian campaign. In it he has a straightforward theme—war and the slow emergence from under its waves of the mud-flats that later were to be the firm land of civil administration. In his second book, "Mesopotamia, 1917-1920," he has a more confusing story. The Mesopotamian fighting was over, to all intents and purposes, when the Seventh India Division won the battles of Istabulat and Samara, in April, 1917, and captured the head of the Bagdad railway line. Men were still destined to die; but the historian takes no account of casualties. And so, though Sir Arnold Wilson in his second volume still has to chronicle a number of actions in which isolated pockets of Turkish troops were surrounded and made to surrender, the real interest of his story has moved away from the battlefield.

He now has a perplexed tale of intrigue and vacillation to tell. The British Cabinet, at once exceedingly ignorant (since distant from Mesopotamia and confronted with the deceptive plainness of maps that did not reveal the face of a difficult terrain) and hesitating, commanded expeditions that were nothing more than disastrous raids. Next to his own country, Persia held Lord Curzon's imagination; he dreamed of reconstituting that ancient monarchy and dreaded German expansion eastward. The most woeful of

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the forays that ensued was the rush of "Dunsterforce" to the Caspian (and back again).

These vacillations and inconsequent wasteful expeditions enter into the mournful texture of Wilson's mood. His first volume has for subtitle "Loyalties"; the second is entitled "A Clash of Loyalties." His writing, like the man, has a uniquely belligerent quality, rooted in his friendships and enmities. His volume on "Loyalties" grips one's attention by the frankness with which it handles certain soldiers, especially Townshend, who has not been adequately "debunked" before. The second volume is equally frank about others who played with men's lives and happiness; Sir Arnold Wilson remembers the men who served under him and perished in the Mesopotamian rebellion of 1920. Among these was one of the half-legendary heroes of the Great War, Henderson of the Manchesters. I remember how his name used to come out from the confusion of every action in which the Manchesters took part; particularly vividly do I remember how it came out to my own unit when waiting through the bloody fighting at Tekrit (November 5, 1917) for our own turn to go in. And Henderson, who had survived so many battles that mattered, perished (winning the V. C. posthumously) in the absurd ghastly outbreak of 1920. But Sir Arnold Wilson does not only remember his own comrades untimely lost by the folly of those who should have saved them. He is sensitive about what is a deep humiliation to many Englishmen, the way we have had to desert our friends in the Near East. These forays persuaded tribes who trusted us to rise in alliance with us. Then, when the weakness of our thrust was fully exposed, we had to ebb back, and returning Turk or Bolshevist took vengeance:

> Our action served to harden the heart of the Turks and to strengthen their resolve to eliminate, once and for all, all non-Turkish minorities in Turkey, by a renewal of those methods of massacre, torture and starvation which, as recently as 1920, have proclaimed the Turks anew as the most savage of living races.

Loyalty, the passionate groundwork of Sir Arnold Wilson's character, explains even the occasional flaws in his book. The second volume contains a long chapter, "Army Chaplains, Y. M. C. A., Church Army, Canteens and War Graves Commission," which has nothing whatever to do with the rest of the book and, moreover, is the one really bad section in it. Loyalty to a long line of ecclesiastical forbears and to the deep Christian mysticism in himself makes him fiercely the apologist of the official form in which religion is forced upon the Army, and unwilling to tolerate any criticism of it, which he ascribes to "disgruntled intellectuals." His outstanding Army chaplains are names taken from dispatches. I knew them nearly all; a few were worthy of any praise you can give them, but several were thoroughly despised by the troops, and deserved to be.

Sir Arnold Wilson is also an "Imperialist." But what manner of Imperialist? He quotes with an approval he does not often expend on this writer, words of T. E. Lawrence in 1918:

> I think there's a great future for the British Empire as a voluntary association; and I'd like it to have Treaty States on a big scale attached to it. We've lots of Treaty States now from Nepal downward; let's have Egypt and Iraq, at least, to add to them. We are so big a firm that we can offer unique advantages to smaller businesses to associate with us if we can get out attractive terms.

To Sir Arnold, as to Lawrence, the Empire was to be the mightiest association of free nations that the world had ever seen. Regardless of color differences, this association should realize Cecil Rhodes's dream of "equal rights for all civilized men and women." This is "Dominion Status," a status mightier than independence, since it combines the widest freedom with all the security that comes from the coöperation of friends. He quotes proudly: *"Tantum est hoc regnum quod regibus imperat ipsis."* Whatever the non-British part of the world may think of such a dream, it has to admit that it is infinitely nobler than the imperialism based on subordination of the weaker peoples, and by it we get the measure of the gulf that separates an Arnold Wilson from a Winston Churchill.

These aims went down in storm. As Civil Commissioner, Sir Arnold made a last-minute attempt to prevent the outbreak of 1920, by a midnight meeting with the Arab rebel leaders. "We sat in the moonlight in a secluded corner of the terrace overlooking the river, and by the light of candles sipped interminable cups of coffee." Speech was frank, friendly and sorrowful, ending in failure and war. The war cost hundreds of British lives, either in such disasters as the one which overtook the Manchesters at Hillah or in isolated murders all over Iraq. It cost the Arabs heavily also. Yet the success of Sir Arnold's work is not to be measured by its apparent arrest in bloodshed, but by a more striking fact—that this rebellion, which took so many lives on both sides, has left so little bitterness. To the vast majority of Englishmen the Mandate for Iraq is a liability and expense which they would shed as quickly as possible. It is probable that Britain's connection with Mesopotamia will soon be only history. But Sir Arnold Wilson's two volumes will survive this episode by virtue of the high human courage and generosity with which they tell of an experiment which aroused so many spirits to enthusiastic service. If you want to see imperialism at its noblest, it is in the Arab kingdoms where Lawrence and Shakespeare and Gertrude Bell and Arnold Wilson strove to make a lasting friendship between East and West. And this story has found its own exceptional chronicler in a man who was *pars magna* of the story that he relates.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

Man's Story Again

Man's Own Show, Civilization, by George A. Dorsey. New York: Harper and Brothers. 958 pages. $5.

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Perhaps no book can perfectly achieve the ideal of presenting human beings and civilization in general as if the author were neither human nor civilized. Dr. Dorsey, in the first sentence of his preface, mentions the difficulty of attaining perfect objectivity. Such bias as he displays, however, seems to have developed after the weighing of the facts involved, and not before. Enthusiasm and skepticism run through the book together; if one or the other gains a lap it is not because its rival was unfairly handicapped. When Dr. Dorsey expresses doubt concerning his moral superiority over a naked cannibal of the Solomon Islands, he might be suspected of wishing to defy the natural prejudice in favor of one's own race. When he extols the validity of marriage and the home, he might be merely a Christian gentleman saying the proper thing. Under both opinions is the author's temperament, but under neither, the second no more than the first, does the reader sense the working of preconceived prejudice. Dr. Dorsey's bias seems based upon what he thinks, rather than what he feels, to be true.

In the first part of the book he considers the general peculiarities of human beings; the origin of speech and language; the nature and expression of love, the creative impulse, religious feeling; and the founding of civilization during the ages of pre-history. Roughly, the subject of Part I is the genesis of our cultural heritage, and its six chapters suggest the topics already discussed by the author in his preceding book, "Why We Behave Like Human Beings."

Part II, by far the longest of the three sections, starts in where the earlier book left off. Its seven chapters summarize human history from the pyramids to the age of the machine. The author shows a rare gift for selecting from historical events the elements that help us to understand the civilization of today. When Christianity is the subject, he adopts a tone of scathing irony. Only over the dead body of religion, he concludes, can man end war, famine, disease and suffering. The growth of science conferred some freedom from superstition and tradition, but it brought new aberrations as well. Dr. Dorsey underestimates neither the ingenious discoveries of modern physicists nor the inanity of their digressions into philosophy.

Part III tells us in 113 pages what we should do to be saved. Though science and the machine age are creations that rule their creators, the situation is not hopeless. By throwing off his lethargy man can and, in Dr. Dorsey's opinion, has progressed toward freedom. War, crime, disease and injustice are not biological necessities. "We need only press forward in the further application of knowledge to bring about a more successful democracy, founded on sound universal education and equality of opportunity for all." A little vague, perhaps, but after all we cannot expect even Dr. Dorsey to be absolutely definite on everything.

Those who did not like the style of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" will find twice as many irritations in this new volume, since it is twice as long. In almost every paragraph one encounters the vocabulary of the street; a Floyd Gibbons bombardment of facts is interspersed with Graham MacNamee wisecracks. The facts make the mind of a sensitive reader jump like a sand flea on the beach, and the wisecracks leave him squirming like the sand flea's victim. Nevertheless, if the book is taken in light doses, it yields the entertainment of half a dozen novels and the enlightenment of as many textbooks.

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.

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The Man Nobody Knows

Charlie Chaplin, His Life and Art, by W. Dodgson Bowman. New York: The John Day Company. 134 pages, illustrated. $1.75.

WE HAVE had Chaplinade after Chaplinade—Iwan Goll's bilingual fantasy, poems by Hart Crane and others, drawings by Léger and Cummings and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., books by Soupault, Poulaille, *et al.* And we have had a few dissenters to the cult: André Suarès, who finds the heart of Charlot "ignoble," and Francis Carco, who recognizes in the comedian only "the false great art." Altogether there have been cult on the one side, muckraking on the other, with very little sincere objective criticism of Chaplin as film-maker. One might expect somebody to indicate that the climax of his work was reached in "The Kid," that "The Circus" was aimless, and that "City Lights" surrendered its main theme of social satire—the relation between the millionaire and the classic hobo—to the minor sentimental motif of the blind girl, a cliché out of Harry Langdon.

The present volume is merely another version of the prayer book of the cult. In the main it is a further simplification of the Pagliacci-with-Napoleonic-dreams, brightened or dulled as you will by a penchant for the role of Good Samaritan. Junior Fairbanks, who contributes a foreword, pictures Chaplin as an all-along-the-line antithesis. It is as if the line were drawn down the center of Charlie; to the left is what the world sees; to the right is what Junior detects, the Man Nobody Knows. It is all too consistent, too literary, too Hollywood-all-over. The best thing in the book is an anecdote:

> Just after the Great War a regiment of British soldiers landed at a South Coast holiday resort. The veterans found the town in an uproar. A local strike was in progress, and the soldiers who sympathized with the strikers got out of hand and refused to carry out the instructions of their officers. Then the mayor, a kindly and generous man, talked to the war-weary men. He offered them refreshments, and invited them to be his guests at the local cinema. The soldiers eagerly responded to these advances, and a quarter of an hour later were laughing uproariously over Charlie Chaplin's delicious comedy in "Shoulder Arms." Here was the little man going through some of the grueling experiences they had been suffering, but doing it in a way that made them rock with mirth. For the first time many of them realized, even amid the mud and blood of the trenches of Flanders, life had its humorous aspects. "Shoulder Arms" had done this.
>
> "A true picture of a soldier's experience in France" was the verdict of one of the returned men, and his comrades emphatically endorsed it. When the show was over, thoughts of mutiny were forgotten and the soldiers went quietly back to barracks.

The author's naïve interpretation and approval of this incident does not prevent reflection on the use of entertainment as propaganda. The incident reminds one of a United States government bulletin issued when Russia was threatening defection from the Allies. It was announced that Chaplin comedies were to be sent to Russia to make Ivan more amenable to the economic mission that was to follow. The innocent films of Charlot!

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Accepting Modernity

Modern Civilization on Trial, by C. Delisle Burns. New York: The Macmillan Company. 324 pages. $2.50.

ONLY IN his title does Mr. Burns put modern civilization on trial; the book itself is written with the idea of accepting modernity. According to its author, "the complaint against modernity as unrestful, superficial or dissolute comes from the cultured few who have been trained in traditional standards and who live by maintaining these standards. What is in decline is not the modern world but traditional criticism."

Fearful of being a Jeremiah and of having his criticisms proved false by the march of modern life, Mr. Burns has decided to take another approach to modern civilization. Modern civilization is what modern people do, and we might as well accept what modern people do as right. "Modern civilization," he tells us, "is taken to mean the whole complex of social customs, beliefs and emotional attitudes which make the people of New York, London, Paris and Berlin today different from those of Tientsin or Timbuctoo, and different also from what Western peoples were twenty years ago."

The external signs of modernity are, of course, the motor car, the airplane, canned food, the cinema and the radio—and Americanization. Tested according to modernity so defined, the civilizations of China and India are given the mental age "medieval," and those of the tropical areas are rated as "primitive." One might expect America to be classed as super-modern, or mental age 2431, but here Mr. Burns falls back on the prejudices of traditional criticism, and regards western Europe as culturally superior to America.

His book is not altogether a hymn of praise to modernity. He recognizes the problems, the shortcomings, of modern civilization. But in dealing with them he seems to have tied his hands by his initial approach. Having set out, like Margaret Fuller with the universe, to accept modern civilization rather than to criticize it, he is compelled to deal with every problem—imperialism, war and peace, government, production, education, art—as a struggle of modernity against the dead hand of the past. He has collected a vast amount of factual information, he handles it with intelligence, but, by accepting modernity, he robs himself of the critical leverage he requires.

A few illustrations of his method will suffice. When considering the relations of the West with the tropics he does not call for a more enlightened policy, but for a more modern policy, forgetting that the general trend of modernity has been in the direction of a short-sighted imperialism. In treating of peace and war, he first identifies modernity with peace, then says that wars have become more dangerous in modern times because modern inventions are being utilized for un-modern purposes! Finally, when discussing the scandal of modern production, it is rather futile for the author to offer the "modernization of markets" as a cure for economic ills without indicating the social steps that are involved in the process. Just what has modernization to do with the problem at all? Socialism has often been attacked as involving a return to the medieval idea of state control of economic life, but if socialization is necessary, the epithets "modern" or "medieval" are entirely beside the point.

Despite his acceptance of modernity as represented by the developments of the last twenty years, Mr. Burns' philosophy is an old-fashioned creed. It is, in fact, very

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close to Victorian optimism, to the twin doctrines of laissez-faire and automatic progress. The first of these has been pretty thoroughly disproved by the events of the last two years; the second doctrine, too, should be reëxamined. It is true that natural science and technology have enjoyed an almost uninterrupted progress since the seventeenth century. This progress has depended on the intellectual labors of a vast army of scientists, but so steadily have they worked that people have come to believe in a progress that marches with the calendar and extends, moreover, through the whole line of human activities. Science progresses; therefore government, economics, art and the living standard must go forward step by step with it, automatically—and we content ourselves with believing in this progress instead of working for it. Nay more, he who endeavors to stimulate social progress by criticism is attacked as being old-fashioned, as a disbeliever in the very end toward which his activities are directed.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

CREATIVE CRITICISM AND OTHER ESSAYS, by J. E. Spingarn. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 221 pages. $2.*

This critic's opinions have been misrepresented even by his disciples, and not merely by the Humanists, whose war against American romanticism fell heavily upon the first edition of "Creative Criticism" (1917). To the four essays of the original volume, Mr. Spingarn has added eight more of varying length and interest. "Notes on the New Humanism"—buried in a scholarly journal since 1914—reappears a little too late; it is the most lucid and most pointed discussion of the value of Professor Babbitt's critical method that has been written; it would have had its effect in the late controversy. (A footnote shows that Babbitt had early learned the trick of putting his opponent in the wrong by half-quotation.) Mr. Spingarn's book will be welcomed by people who cannot get the first edition and who desire to know what the critic actually wrote who was accused of exhorting the young generation to debauchery.

THE GOLDEN THREAD, by Philo M. Buck, Jr. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 552 pages. $4.*

This book is better than most outlines of man's this and that; in fact, it is about the best capsular preparation of culture for popular consumption that the reviewer has read. It is not so interesting as Wells's ancestor of the whole tribe; but this is because the subject matter is limited. The "golden thread" is the great tradition of literature—not, as Professor Buck says, any specific literary tradition, but the tradition of all literatures, which become One by virtue of expressing man's feelings about himself and the world. The book is smoothly written, with not too much precision of judgment; it is a pleasant, and somewhat tiresome, mixture of social backgrounds and biography and quotations from great works. The author is not superior to generous and pleasing sentiment—"Love is its own vindication; its dictates may not be denied . . . and only the gentle may know its supreme power," he writes of Dante and Beatrice.

LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, $2.50; leather, $3.75.*

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Biography

THE LIFE OF SAYAJI RAO III, by Stanley Rice. *New York: Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 570 pages. $12.*

The native rulers of India are supported by the British government, but initiative is discouraged among them. Initiative is precisely the quality which has distinguished his Highness Sayaji Rao III, who succeeded to the throne of Baroda in 1875. Instead of merely amusing himself, he set about the task of improving his kingdom on the basis of knowledge acquired in Europe, where he attended all sorts of learned gatherings. Some of the people he met became conspicuous for revolutionary activities, and the British government began to distrust him. A native prince whose independence is guaranteed, except in foreign relations, is safer to Britain when in the harem than he is when building museums, helping the depressed classes or presiding at international conferences. At one time the official attitude toward the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda became so manifest that he was denied permission to go abroad. At the Durbar he answered this slight by turning his back on King George V. . . . The present two-volume biography was written by the Maharajah Gaekwar's private secretary, who has consulted the public papers of Baroda and the private files of its rulers. His book is of value as an account of the relations between a native state and the British Empire, but it might be criticized for minimizing the Gaekwar's faults and for attempting to heal old differences by conveying the impression that England is the great passion of Sayaji Rao's life.

MY UNITED STATES, by Frederic J. Stimson. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 478 pages. $3.50.*

Fifty years spent as lawyer, author and diplomat furnish the material for this autobiography. Mr. Stimson has been a Harvard professor. He has written successful novels, and once he collaborated on a serial thriller for the newspapers. He has represented banks and railroads, sat on several important commissions, written a dozen books on the law, taken an active interest in politics and traveled widely. For seven years he was Ambassador to the Argentine. His personal opinions and prejudices animate his account. Especially interesting are the chapters on his youth in the Middle West, on the decadence of Boston and the rise of New York City, and on the vicissitudes of our diplomacy in South America. The merit of the book lies in the vigor and originality of the author.

SISTER AIMEE, by Nancy Barr Mavity. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 360 pages. $2.50.*

The author of this biography has digested her documents well and used them effectively. The result of her investigations into the life of the Los Angeles fisher of souls is as exciting as a good detective story, as circumstantial as a welfare-society case history. Mrs. MacPherson (Murchison, is it now?) is presented as a not wholly ridiculous or contemptible skater along the thin edges of sanity, one whose performances usually lack grace, but rarely courage, and often possess a pathetic nobility. To understand Aimee is to understand a large and not unimportant fraction of America.

WILLIAM ARCHER: Life, Work and Friendships, by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Archer. *New Haven: Yale University Press. 451 pages. $5.*

The history of the modern English theatre is so intimately bound up with the life and writings of William Archer that even the pompous air of this "life and letters" cannot detract from its importance. Archer was the author of "The Green Goddess," a study of education, a dispassionate account of the case of Francisco Ferrer; but he is not important for these reasons. He is important because of the writers he knew and influenced, or helped to make known to the English-speaking public; and because he

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vigorously attacked British censorship of the stage. In his time he was a powerful influence, the like of which is almost totally unknown in America. And his opinions as presented in the letters reproduced in the volume possess a striking quality of survival not often exhibited in contemporary judgments. He translated and championed Ibsen; but his comments on the dramatist are remarkably free of any idolatry or cant, for he was never, as he tells Shaw in a letter, an Ibsenite.

History and Archeology

EASTWARD HO! by Foster Rhea Dulles. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 199 pages, illustrated. $5.*

Mr. Dulles has taken for his field the maritime contacts between the East and the West. His previous book, "The Old China Trade," was an interesting story of the enterprise which helped to save the new American nation from economic stagnation after the revolutionu and led, through the profit in providing furs for Chinese customers, to Arctic and Antarctic discoveries. His present volume is a description of the maritime adventures which brought about the formation of the Muscovy and East India companies. The attempt to discover a northeast passage to India took British navigation into the White Sea and gave England a temporary monopoly of the Russian trade. When efforts to reach the Far East overland from Russia failed, British sailors, in rivalry with the Dutch, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, defied the Iberian powers and firmly established themselves. Mr. Dulles gives a very interesting, plain account of these shrewd merchant adventurers who, by the formation of the British East India Company, acquired the largest and most powerful private empire in history.

GREEK CITIES IN ITALY AN SICILY, by David Randall-MacIver. *New York: Oxford University Press. 226 pages, illustrated. $5.*

Lenormant's famous book "La Grande Grèce," is now fifty years old, and shows therefore wide gaps in the knowledge that later excavations have afforded. Even in the last few years the Italian archeologists have uncovered site after site which, until lately, was a mere legend and name from the past of Magna Graecia. Though the major part of this recent work has been done in Calabria, and there still remain Sybaris, Tarentum and many other places to be undertaken, the new information is already abundant. Freeman's book covers the most important facts about Sicily, and yet the explorations at Selinus, Geta and Akragas have already upset diverse earlier theories. "Greek Cities in Italy and Sicily" limits itself for the most part to places about which as yet very little account has appeared in England. The chapters on Croton and Metapontum are especially full and fresh, and even more so is the account of Cumae, which, with the Circean promontory near by, represented the northern line for the Greek towns, the line at which the Greek rule stopped, the line where you pass, even now, from the character of the mainland of Europe to something more profoundly of the Mediterranean. It is for people to whom this last point has any meaning that this book is intended.

THE HISTORY OF WORLD CIVILIZATION: From Prehistoric Times to the Middle Ages, by Hermann Schneider. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 2 vols. 908 pages. $10.*

This is a close, factual summary of the great world civilizations and cultures. It is not to be confused with the brilliant polemics and airy generalizations of a Spengler or a Friedell: the author even treats the history of the Chinese and the Indians in a supplement, because he feels that in neither case has the ground been sufficiently worked over for a conclusive judgment. In each civilization Schneider deals systematically with the Racial Formation and Political History; Constitution and Growth of Social Classes; Architecture and Sculpture in the Round; Reliefs and Painting; Writing, Literature and Music; Learning and Religion. This scheme exposes both the strength of his scholarship and the limitations of his sociology: he has no perception of the natural background, no sense of the interplay between technology and culture, and little of that flair for the concrete drama of life which one finds in such an archeological historian as J. L. Myers.

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AMERICAN POETRY FROM THE BEGINNING TO WHITMAN, edited by Louis Untermeyer. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 827 pages. $3.50.*

Like Mr. Untermeyer's other anthologies, this book has excellent features, along with defects which sometimes seem merely willful. Perhaps its best feature is the inclusion of good selections from American balladry, folk poetry, the spirituals, etc., and Mr. Untermeyer is a talented enough anthologist to give freshness even to his selections from such poets as Bryant, Whittier and Lowell, all of whom appear here in a slightly unconventional guise. Such unknown poems as Barlow's "Advice to a Raven," and such relatively unappreciated poets as Pinkney, Simms, Channing, Hirst and Very, give many pages of the volume a much more than perfunctory interest: on such grounds Mr. Untermeyer deserves nothing but praise. But he is notoriously undiscriminating, and he has filled a preposterous number of the pages of this book with genuine and immitigable mediocrities such as Michael Wigglesworth, Phyllis Wheatley, George Hill, N. P. Willis, W. D. Gallagher and J. G. Saxe—his most inexcusable mistake being the devotion of more than nine pages to the oddities of Chivers' muse, along with a seven-page introduction. In a volume from which Thoreau is wholly omitted, this is surely a blunder. And, in general, far too much space is taken up with Mr. Untermeyer's loquacious and journalistic preface and introductions: an anthology can hardly be a literary history at the same time, and the usefulness of the present book gains precious little from the enormous number of pages devoted to comment. Yet no other anthology in print covers the period at once so fully and so well (for Stedman included even Daniel Webster); and it will deserve to be widely used.

Science

THE UNIVERSE: From Crystal Spheres to Relativity, by Frank Allen. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 144 pages. $2.*

This little book may be recommended to those who like abstruse scientific subjects presented "in a nutshell." Frank Allen succeeds in giving a very clear, if necessarily simplified, picture of the theories of Einstein, both in their historical setting and in their technical aspects. The sections dealing with motion, space and time are well handled; the discussion of the Lorentz transformations and of the major experiments leading to confirmation of the relativity theory are models of good popular exposition.

A WORLD OF EPITOMIZATIONS: A Study in the Philosophy of the Sciences, by George Perrigo Conger. *Princeton University Press. 605 pages. $5.*

The associate professor of Philosophy in the University of Minnesota here presents us with a magnum opus based on the argument that "The universe is a vast system of systems which strikingly resemble one another in the details of their structures and processes." Dividing this universe into six "realms" (matter, life, mind, logic, number, geometry-kinematics); nine "levels" to each realm; and four "monads" (individuation, interaction, reproduction, segregation), Professor Conger constructs a vast "Epitome," with human personality as "the highest concentration, the most complete epitome of the Universe." With a formidable scientific and philosophic erudition, the author develops his audacious theme

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that every "fact" in the universe is related to some companion fact in another realm; and this relation is expressed by means of a decimal system which in itself is a triumph of the metaphysical mind. Nothing without its number, and no number but has some counterpart in the mighty labyrinth of the "Epitome." One is reminded of St. Thomas Aquinas, of Leibnitz, of Ludwig Wittgenstein's "Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus" and of the productions of symbolic logic. Turning the close-packed pages, others will think of Dean Swift's remark, "It is as hard to get clear of number as of hell."

Fiction

THE BRIDAL GOWN, by Kristmann Gudmundsson. *New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.*

Sigrun died, and Björn her husband was left with his daughter Kolfinna. The spell of Sigrun's bridal gown was not lifted from him for half a lifetime. It was in a sea-blue and violet valley of Iceland, where "black lakes lay in the land like the eyes of trolls," where in winter hot springs flowed under the ice, and in summer peat smoke and volcano steam hung over the moors. The men and women of this extraordinary country seem to think and move in the large slow outlines of saga. Slow motion, at least in the case of this novel, has a refreshing quality for the reader.

THE CAREER OF JULIAN STANLEY-WILLIAMS, by Adrian Alington. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50*

This is a smoothly accurate and highly diverting account of the life of an egotist: Julian Stanley-Williams is more an actor than a human being, and a bad actor, too. He is nothing but a fantastic impulse to perform, and all the embellishment of ranting phrases does not save him from having to account at last for his terrifying selfishness.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR, by W. Somerset Maugham. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.*

"A real person," Mr. Maugham observes in his preface, "however eminent, is for the most part too insignificant for the purposes of fiction." The six stories that follow serve as illustrations of this opinion, but in each the eminent characters seem somehow too insignificant to be very real. Their insignificance, of course, is one result of the author's attitude toward them; he records their idiosyncrasies, their appearances, their fatuities, in such detail as to give an impression of spite; he seems to dislike them intensely. The situations, an occasional turn of phrase, the titles ("The Creative Impulse," "The Human Element," "The Round Dozen") suggest a comparison with those stories of Henry James that seem to have served as models. The difference is the difference between sarcasm and irony; between the work of a writer with a respect for his art and one who professes a contempt for it.

THE GENERATIONS OF NOAH EDON, by David Pinski. *New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.50.*

In his latest novel, Pinski gives us the all-encompassing history of a typical Jewish immigrant family. He conceives this history as consisting of three stages from good to evil. The old Edons, pious and devout, come to America full of the hope for a new and freer life—a life offering greater scope to their ingrained religious feelings. The three children, however, inevitably revolt against these "naïve" devotions, rejecting the simple good life of their elders and courting business success and the social vanities. The passionate attachment to a spiritual life which characterized the old people is converted in the offspring into a mean hankering after worldly things, and a sheer ugly lewdness. They maintain only distantly a nourishing connection with the old faith. Faintly conscious of having fallen from goodness, having "sinned," they seek expiation through charity. The third, the present generation, is completely irreligious and degraded. Indeed, the accumulation of evil in the progress of the story is so alarming that nothing short of the melodramatic wholesale killing which ends the book could have concluded in actual life the course of degeneration. Pinski's novel is nevertheless an interesting story in the tradition of Galsworthy and Mann, and one that Jews will read avidly. It is excellently translated.

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LOVERS ARE NEVER LOSERS, by Jean Giono. Translated by Jacques Le Clercq, with a preface by André Maurois. *New York: Brentano's. $2.*

After shying at the idea of a whole novel in dialect—and in translated dialect at that—one settles into it, and revels in sturdy and beautiful pastoral writing. Old Amédée, a peasant of Provence, tells of how young Albin rescued Angèle Barboroux and her child of shame from the farm where her parents had imprisoned her. Jacket and title do not do the book justice; it is fine in its earthiness; it has, except for an unfortunate touch of sweet now and then, the good quality of plain bread.

MARRIAGE IN BLUE, by A. E. Fisher. *New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.*

The influence of Messrs. Joyce and Hemingway is very apparent in this novel of a conceited young sculptor of the Left Bank and his adventures with hordes of women who are sitting around waiting to seduce him. The handsome Dion never gets around to any work; he is too busy with his ladies, with drinking and with his Joycean dreams. There are some amusing sketches of Montparnasse and Cagnes, and the ending is cleverly staged.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, the distinguished British journalist, who gained his knowledge of conditions in India at first hand during a recent tour of that country, is a frequent contributor to the English weekly, The New Leader, and to other magazines and journals.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, the author of "The Temptation of Anthony and Other Poems," is at present working on his second novel.

BORIS ISRAEL, who represented the Federated Press as war correspondent on the battlefields of Harlan, Kentucky, is the editor of Nativity: An American Quarterly, published from Columbus, Ohio. At present he is doing free-lance writing in New York City.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE is the author of "A Victorian Village," "The York Road" and of several volumes of poems, including "White April," which was published last fall.

ALLEN TATE, poet, biographer and critic, is completing a life of Robert E. Lee, which is announced for publication this winter. He will also publish his second volume of poetry in the early spring.

T. S. MATTHEWS is the literary editor of Time and the author of a novel, "To the Gallows I Must Go," which was published last spring by Knopf.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL, who has been professor of Modern History at the University of Chicago since 1909, is the author of "A History of Europe (1500-1925)" and of several other historical works.

CARTER GOODRICH is now a professor in the Department of Economics at Columbia University.

ROBERT CANTWELL, a contributor to "The Third American Caravan" and to various magazines, is the author of "Laugh and Lie Down," a novel published this month by Farrar and Rinehart.

EDWARD THOMPSON, who fought in the Mesopotamian Campaign, is now teaching Bengali at Oxford University. He is the author of "A Farewell to India," a novel published last summer.

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR., chairman of the Geology Department of the University of Southern California, is the author of "Parade of the Living," which Coward, McCann published a year ago.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN, a member of the Exceptional Photoplay Committee of the National Board of Review, is working on a pamphlet treating the movie as reactionary propaganda. He was formerly editor of The Guardian.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG, a free-lance writer on philosophy, science and kindred subjects, is the author of "The Adventure of Science," which was published last year. He is at present writing a volume on ethics and social theory.

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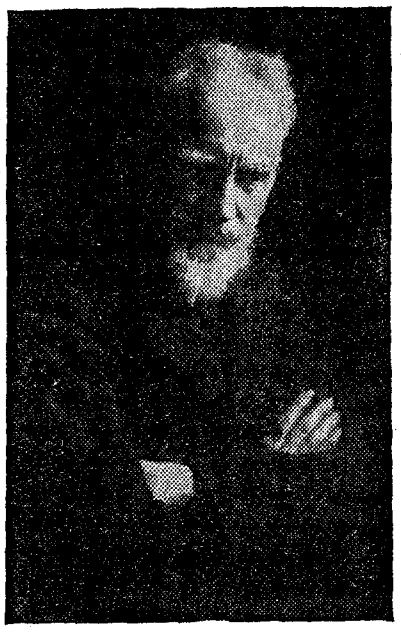

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